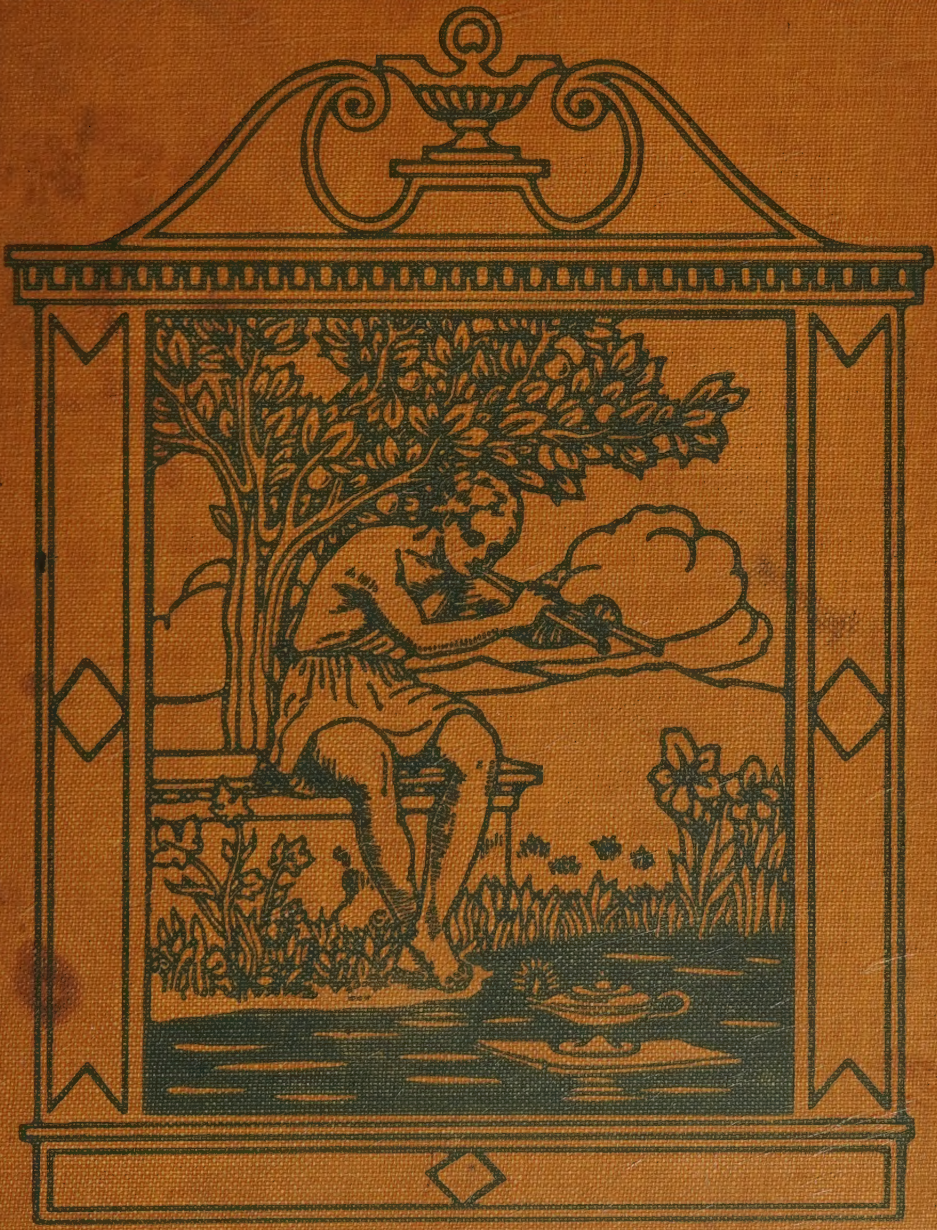
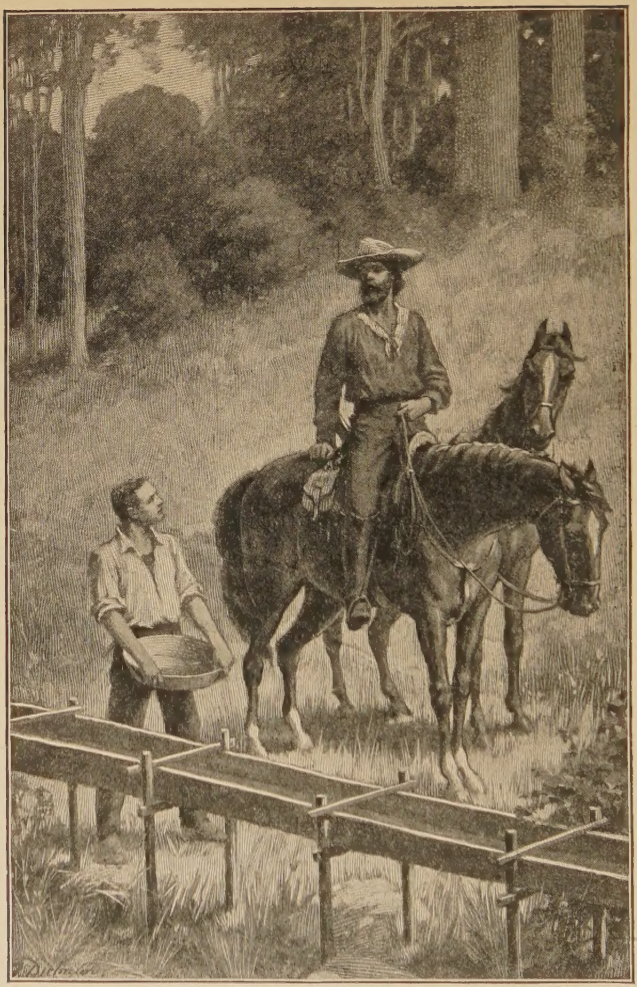
THE·RIVERSIDE·READERS



EIGHTH·READER



(*Page 192*)

"YES, HE 'S GOT THE COLOR"

THE RIVERSIDE READERS

EIGHTH READER

BY

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U . S . A

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Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

Francis Bacon.

We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits, — so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth —
'T is then we get the right good from a book.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

John Milton.

PART I. SELECTIONS FROM WRITERS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

IN AND OUT OF A CAB IN AMSTERDAM

F. HOPKINSON SMITH

It is raining this morning in Amsterdam. It is a way it has in Holland. The old settlers do not seem to mind it, but I am only a few days from the land of the orange and the olive, and, although these wet, silvery grays and fresh greens are full of "quality," I long for the deep blue skies and clear-cut shadows of sunny Spain. On this particular morning I am in a cab and in search of a certain fish-market, and cabby is following the directions given him by a very round porter with a very flat cap and a deep bass voice.

There is nothing so comfortable as a cab to paint in if you only know how to utilize its resources. For me, long practice has brought it to a fine art. First, I have cabby take out the horse. This prevents his shaking me when he changes his tired leg. He is generally a spiral-spring-fed beast, and enjoys the relief. Then I take out the cushions. This keeps them dry. Then I close the back and off-

side curtains, so as to concentrate the light, prop my easel up against the front seat, spread my palette and brushes on the bare wooden one, hang my rubber water-bottle up to the arm rest, and begin work. (I have even discovered in the bottom of certain cabs such luxuries as knot or auger holes through which to pour my waste water.) I then pass the umbrella-staff to cabby, calling particular attention to the iron spike, and explain how useful it may become in removing the inquisitive small boy from the hind wheel. One lesson and two boys makes a cabby an expert. This is why I am in a cab and am driving down the Keizersgraacht on this very wet morning in Amsterdam.

Before the fat porter's directions could be fully carried out, however, I caught sight of an old bridge spanning a canal, which pleased me greatly; and before my friend on the box could realize the consequences, I had his horse out and tied to a wharf post, and the interior of his cab transformed into a studio.

In five minutes I discovered that a cabless horse and a horseless cab presided over by a cabby armed with an umbrella-staff was not an every-day sight in Amsterdam. I had camped on the stone quay some distance from the street and out of everybody's way. I congratulated myself on my location, and felt sure I would not be disturbed. On my left was the canal crowded with market-boats

laden with garden-truck; on my right, the narrow street choked with the traffic of the city.

Suddenly the business of Amsterdam ceased. Everybody on the large boats scrambled into smaller ones and sculled for shore. Everybody in the street simultaneously jumped from cart, wagon, and door-step, and in twenty seconds I was overwhelmed by a surging throng, who swarmed about my four-wheeler and blocked up my only window with anxious, inquiring faces.

I had been in a crowd like this before, and knew exactly what to do. Sphinx-like silence and immobility of face are imperative. If you neither speak nor smile, the mob imbibes a kind of respect for you amounting almost to awe. Those nearest you, who can see a little and want to see more, unconsciously become your champions, and expostulate with those who cannot see anything, cautioning them against shaking the painter and obstructing his view.

This crowd was no exception to the general rule. I noticed, however, one peculiarity. As each Amsterdammer reached my window he would gaze silently at my canvas and then say, "Ah, teekenmeester." Soon the word went around and reached the belated citizens rushing up, who stopped and appeared satisfied, as they all exclaimed, "Ah, teekenmeester."

At last commerce resumed her sway. The street disentangled itself. The market in cabbages again

became active, and I was left comparatively alone, always excepting the small boy. The variety here was singularly irritating. They mounted the roof, blocked up the windows, clambered up on the front seat, until cabby became sufficiently conversant with the use of the business end of my umbrella-staff, after which they kept themselves at a respectful distance.

Finally a calm settled down over everything. The rain fell gently and continuously. The spiral-spring beast rested himself on alternate legs, and the boys contemplated me from a distance. Cabby leaned in the off window and became useful as a cup holder, and I was rapidly finishing my first sketch in Holland when the light was shut out, and looking up I saw the head of an officer of police. He surveyed me keenly, — my sketch and my interior arrangements, — and then in a gruff voice gave me an order in low Dutch. I pointed to my staff holder, and continued painting. In a moment the officer thrust his head through the off window and repeated his order in high Dutch. I waved him away firmly, and again referred him to cabby.

Then a war began on the outside in which everybody took a hand, and in half a minute more the population of Amsterdam had blocked up the wharf. I preserved my Egyptian exterior, and proceeded unconcernedly to lay a fresh wash over my sky. While thus occupied, I became conscious that the

spiral-spring was being united once more to the cab. This fact became positive when cabby delivered up the umbrella-staff and opened the door.

I got out.

The gentleman in gilt buttons was at a white heat. The mass-meeting were indulging in a running fire of criticism, punctuated by loose cabbage leaves and rejected vegetables, which sailed, bomb-like, through the air; and the upshot of the whole matter was that the officer ordered me away from the quay and into a side street.

But why? The streets of Amsterdam were free. I was out of everybody's way, was breaking no law, and creating no disturbance.

At this instant half of a yesterday's cabbage came sailing through the atmosphere from a spot in the direction of a group of wharf-rats, struck the officer's helmet, and rolled it into the canal. A yell went up from the crowd, cabby went down to the water for the headgear, and the owner drew his short sword and charged on the wharf-rats, who suddenly disappeared.

I reëntered my studio, shut the door, and continued work. I concluded that it was not my funeral.

I remember distinctly the situation at this moment. I had my water-bottle in my hand re-filling the cups, mouth full of brushes, palette on my lap, and easel steadied by one foot. Suddenly a face surmounted by a wet helmet, and livid with rage, was thrust into

mine, and a three-cornered variety of dialect that would produce a sore throat in any one except a Dutchman was hurled at me, accompanied by the usual well-known "move on" gesture.

Remembering the soothing influence exerted on the former mob, I touched my hat to his excellency, and said, "Teekenmeester." The head disappeared like a shot, and in an instant I was flat on my back in the bottom of the cab, bespattered with water, smeared with paint, and half smothered under a débris of cushions, water-cups, wet-paper, and loose sketches, and in that position was unceremoniously jolted over the stones.

The majesty of the law had asserted itself! I was backed up in a side street!

I broke open the door and crawled out in the rain. His excellency was standing at the head of the spiral-spring, with a sardonic grin on his countenance.

The mob greeted my appearance with a shout of derision. I mounted the driver's seat and harangued them. I asked, in a voice which might have been heard in Rotterdam, if anybody about me understood English. A shabbily-dressed, threadbare young fellow elbowed his way towards me and said he did. I helped him up beside me on the box and addressed the multitude, my seedy friend interpreting. I reviewed the history of old Amsterdam and its traditions; its reputation for hospitality; its powerful colonies scattered over the world; its love for art and

artists. Then I passed to the greatest of all its possessions,—the New Amsterdam of the New World, my own city,—and asked them as Amsterdammers, or the reverse, whether they considered I had been fairly treated in the city of my great-grandfathers—I, a painter and a New Yorker!

I had come three thousand miles to carry home to their children in the New World some sketches of the grand old city they loved so well, and in return I had been insulted, abused, bumped over the stones, and made a laughing stock.

I would appeal to them as brothers to decide whether these streets of Amsterdam were not always open to her descendants, and whether I was not entitled to use them at all times by virtue of my very birthright. (Another shout went up, but this time a friendly one.) This being the case, I proposed to reoccupy my position and finish my sketch. If I had violated any law it was the duty of the officer to put me under arrest. If not, then I was free to do as I pleased; and if the highly honorable group of influential citizens about me would open their ranks I would drive the cab back myself to the spot from which I had been so cruelly torn.

Another prolonged shout followed the interpretation, an opening was quickly made, and I had begun to chafe the spiral-spring with my shabby friend's umbrella, when cabby rushed forward, pale and trembling, seized the bridle, and begged me pite-

ously to desist. My friend then explained that cabby would probably lose his license if I persisted, although I might carry my point and his cab back to the quay.

This argument being unanswerable, a council of war was held, to which a number of citizens who were leaning over the front wheels were invited, and it was decided to drive at once to the nearest police station and submit the whole outrage to the chief.

In two minutes we halted under the traditional green glass lamp, so familiar to all frequenters of such places. We saluted the sergeant, and were shown up a winding iron staircase into a small room and up to a long green table, behind which sat a baldheaded old fellow in undress uniform, smoking a short pipe.

My threadbare friend explained the cause of our visit. The old fellow looked surprised, and touched a bell which brought in another smoker in full dress, whose right ear served as a rack for a quill pen, and who used it (the pen not the ear) to take down our statement. Then the chief turned to me and asked my name. I gave it. This he repeated to the secretary. Occupation? Painter. "Teekenmeester," said he to the secretary.

Magic word! I have you at last. Teekenmeester is Dutch for painter.

The chief read the secretary's notes, signed them, and said I should call again in ten days, and he would submit a report.

"Report! What do I want with a report, your imperial highness? It is now four o'clock, and I have but two hours of daylight to finish this sketch. I don't want a report. I want an order compelling the pirate who presides over the cabbage market district to respect the rights of a descendant of Amsterdam who is peacefully pursuing his avocation." Certainly, he so intended. I was at liberty to replace my cab and finish my sketch. The officer exceeded his instructions.

But how? I did not want either to provoke a riot or get my cabby into trouble. Ah, he understood. Another bell brought an orderly, who conducted us down-stairs, opened a side door, called two officers, placed one outside with cabby and the other inside with me and Threadbare, and we drove straight back to the quay and were welcomed by a shout from my constituents compared to which all former cheering was a dead silence. I looked around for his excellency, but he was nowhere to be seen.

Verily, the majesty of the law had asserted itself!

I do not think I made much of an impression as a painter in Amsterdam, but I have always had an idea that I could be elected alderman in the cabbage market district.

In "Well-Worn Roads."

MY ARRIVAL IN VENICE

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

It does not really matter just when I first came to Venice; yesterday and to-day are the same here; but I arrived one winter morning about five o'clock, and was not so full of Soul as I might have been in warmer weather. Yet I was resolved not to go to my hotel in the omnibus (the large many-seated boat so called), but to have a gondola solely for myself and my luggage. The porter who seized my valise in the station inferred from some very polyglottic Italian of mine the nature of my wish, and ran out and threw that slender piece of luggage into a gondola. I followed, lighted to my seat by a beggar in picturesque and desultory costume.

He was one of a class of mendicants whom I came, for my sins, to know better in Venice, and whom I dare say every traveler recollects, — the ruthless tribe who hold your gondola to shore, and affect to do you a service and not a displeasure, and pretend not to be abandoned impostors. The Venetians call them *gransieri*, or crab-catchers; but as yet I did not know the name or the purpose of this *poverino* [1] at the station, but merely saw that he had the Vene-

[1] *Poverino* is the compassionate generic for all unhappy persons who work for a living in Venice, as well as many who do not.

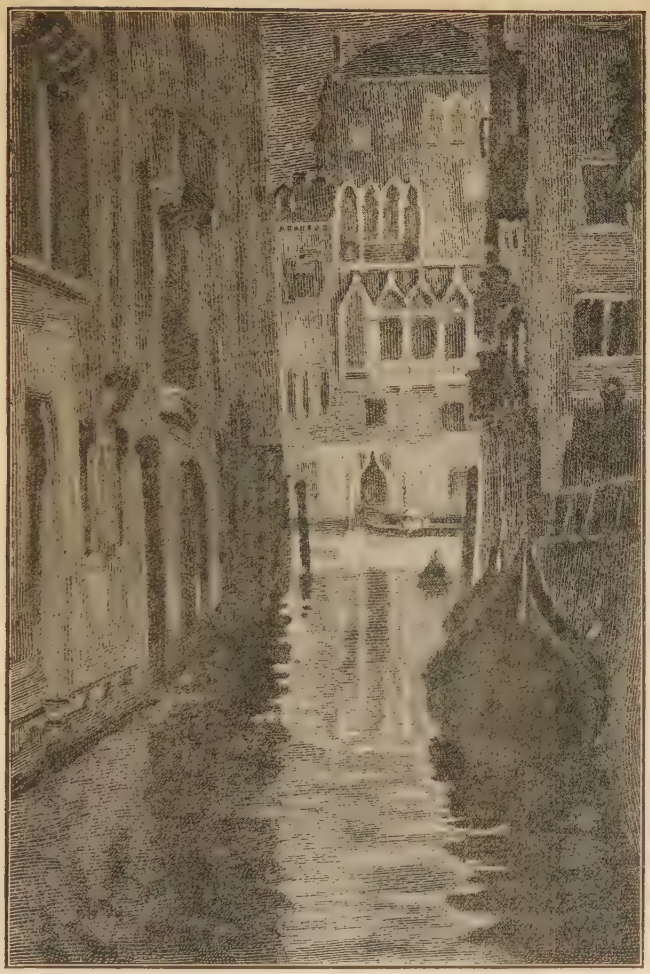
tian eye for color: in the distribution and arrangement of his fragments of dress he had produced some miraculous effects of red, and he was altogether as infamous a figure as any friend of brigands would like to meet in a lonely place. He did not offer to stab me and sink my body in the Grand Canal, as, in all Venetian keeping, I felt that he ought to have done; but he implored an alms, and I hardly know now whether to exult or regret that I did not understand him, but left him empty-handed. I suppose that he withdrew the blessings which he had advanced me, as we pushed out into the canal; but I heard nothing, for the wonder of the city was already upon me.

All my nether-spirit, so to speak, was dulled and jaded by the long, cold, railway journey from Vienna, while every surface-sense was taken and tangled in the bewildering brilliancy and novelty of Venice. For there can be nothing else in the world so full of glittering and exquisite surprise, as that first glimpse of Venice which the traveler catches as he issues from the railway station by night, and looks upon her peerless strangeness. There is something in the blessed breath of Italy (how quickly, coming south, you know it, and how bland it is, after the harsh, transalpine air!) which prepares you for your nocturnal advent into the place; and O you! whoever you are, that journey toward this enchanted city for the first time, let me tell you how happy I count

you! There lies before you, for your pleasure, the spectacle of such singular beauty as no picture can ever show you or book tell you, — beauty which you shall feel perfectly but once, and regret forever.

For my own part, as the gondola slipped away from the blaze and bustle of the station down the gloom and silence of the broad canal, I forgot that I had been freezing two days and nights; that I was at that moment very cold and a little homesick. I could at first feel nothing but that beautiful silence, broken only by the star-silvered dip of the oars. Then on either hand I saw stately palaces rise gray and lofty from the dark waters, holding here and there a lamp against their faces, which brought balconies, and columns, and carven arches into momentary relief, and threw long streams of crimson into the canal. I could see by that uncertain glimmer how fair was all, but not how sad and old; and so, unhaunted by any pang for the decay that afterward saddened me amid the forlorn beauty of Venice, I glided on.

I have no doubt it was a proper time to think all the fantastic things in the world, and I thought them; but they passed vaguely through my mind, without interrupting the sensations of sight and sound. The past and present mixed there, and the moral and material were blent in the sentiment of utter novelty and surprise. The quick boat slid



THROUGH NARROW AND CROOKED CANALS AND PAST MARBLE ANGLES OF PALACES

through old troubles of mine, and unlooked-for events gave it the impulse that carried it beyond, and safely around sharp corners of life. All the while I knew that this was a progress through narrow and crooked canals, and past marble angles of palaces. But I did not know then that my fine confusion of sense and spirit was the first faint intimation of the charm of life in Venice.

Dark, funereal barges like my own had flitted by, and the gondoliers had warned each other at every turning with hoarse, lugubrious cries; the lines of balconied palaces had never ended; here and there at their doors larger craft were moored, with dim figures of men moving vaguely about on them. At last we had passed abruptly out of the Grand Canal into one of the smaller channels, and from comparative light into a darkness only remotely affected by some far-streaming corner lamp. But always the pallid, stately palaces; always the dark heaven with its trembling stars above, and the dark water with its trembling stars below; but now innumerable bridges, and an utter lonesomeness, and ceaseless sudden turns and windings. One could not resist a vague feeling of anxiety, in these strait and solitary passages, which was part of the strange enjoyment of the time, and which was referable to the novelty, the hush, the darkness, and the piratical appearance and unaccountable pauses of the gondoliers. Was not this Venice, and is not Venice forever associated

with bravoes and unexpected dagger-thrusts? That valise of mine might represent fabulous wealth to the uncultivated imagination. Who, if I made an outcry, could understand the facts? To move on was relief; to pause was regret for past transgressions mingled with good resolutions for the future. But I felt the liveliest mixture of all these emotions, when, slipping from the cover of a bridge, the gondola suddenly rested at the foot of a stairway before a closely-barred door. The gondoliers rang and rang again, while their passenger

"Divided the swift mind,"

in the wonder whether a door so grimly bolted and austerely barred could possibly open into a hotel, with cheerful overcharges for candles and service. But as soon as the door opened, and he beheld the honest swindling countenance of a hotel *portier*, he felt secure against everything but imposture; and all wild absurdities of doubt and conjecture at once faded from his thought, when the *portier* suffered the gondoliers to make him pay a florin too much.

So, I had arrived in Venice, and I had felt the influence of that complex spell which she lays upon the stranger. I had caught the most alluring glimpses of the beauty which cannot wholly perish while any fragment of her sculptured walls nods to its shadow in the canal; I had been penetrated by a deep sense of the mystery of the place, and I had

been touched already by the anomaly of modern life amid scenes where its presence offers, according to the humor in which it is studied, constant occasion for annoyance or enthusiasm, delight or sadness.

From "Venetian Life."

THE SONG OF THE OLD MOTHER[1]

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

I rise in the dawn, and I kneel and blow
Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow;
And then I must scrub and bake and sweep
Till stars are beginning to blink and peep;
And the young lie long and dream in their bed
Of the matching of ribbons for bosom and head,
And their day goes over in idleness,
And they sigh if the wind but lift a tress:
While I must work because I am old,
And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

[1] Copyright, 1906, The Macmillan Company.

UNCONQUERED

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

TURTLE EGGS FOR AGASSIZ

DALLAS LORE SHARP

[The "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States," as Mr. Sharp tells us in some introductory pages here omitted, is "a monumental, an epoch-making work, the fruit of vast and heroic labors, with colored plates on stone, showing the turtles of the United States, and their embryology."]

Agassiz had been engaged for a long time upon his "Contributions." He had brought the great work nearly to a finish. It was, indeed, finished but for one small yet very important bit of observation: he had carried the turtle egg through every stage of its development with the single exception of one — the very earliest — that stage of first cleavages, when the cell begins to segment, immediately upon its being laid. That beginning stage had brought the "Contributions" to a halt. To get eggs that were fresh enough to show the incubation at this period had been impossible.

There were several ways that Agassiz might have proceeded: he might have got a leave of absence for the spring term, taken his laboratory to some pond inhabited by turtles, and there camped until he should catch the reptile digging out her nest.

But there were difficulties in all of that — as those who are college professors and naturalists know. As this was quite out of the question, he did the easiest thing — asked Mr. Jenks of Middleboro' to get him the eggs. Mr. Jenks got them. . . .

It was many years later that Mr. Jenks, then a gray-haired college professor, told me how he got those eggs to Agassiz.

"I was principal of an academy, during my younger years," he began, "and was busy one day with my classes, when a large man suddenly filled the doorway of the room, smiled to the four corners of the room, and called out with a big, quick voice that he was Professor Agassiz.

"Of course he was. I knew it, even before he had had time to shout it to me across the room.

"Would I get him some turtle eggs? he called. Yes, I would. And would I get them to Cambridge within three hours from the time they were laid? Yes, I would. And I did. And it was worth the doing. But I did it only once.

"When I promised Agassiz those eggs I knew where I was going to get them. I had got turtle eggs there before — at a particular patch of sandy shore along a pond, a few miles distant from the academy.

"Three hours was the limit. From my railroad station to Boston was thirty-five miles; from the pond to the station was perhaps three or four miles; from Boston to Cambridge we called about three miles.

Forty miles in round numbers! We figured it all out before he returned, and got the trip down to two hours, — record time: driving from the pond to the station; from the station by express train to Boston; from Boston by cab to Cambridge. This left an easy hour for accidents and delays.

"Cab and car and carriage we reckoned into our time-table; but what we did n't figure on was the turtle." And he paused abruptly.

"Young man," he went on, his shaggy brows and spectacles hardly hiding the twinkle in the eyes that were bent severely upon me, "young man, when *you* go after turtle eggs, take into account the turtle. No! no! that 's bad advice. Youth never reckons on the turtle — and youth seldom ought to. Only old age does that; and old age would never have got those turtle eggs to Agassiz.

"It was in the early spring that Agassiz came to the academy, long before there was any likelihood of the turtles laying. But I was eager for the quest, and so fearful of failure, that I started out to watch at the pond fully two weeks ahead of the time that the turtles might be expected to lay. I remember the date clearly: it was May 14th.

"A little before dawn — along near three o'clock — I would drive over to the pond, hitch my horse near by, settle myself quietly among some thick cedars close to the sandy shore, and there I would wait, my kettle of sand ready, my eye covering the

whole sleeping pond. Here among the cedars I would eat my breakfast, and then get back in good season to open the academy for the morning session.

"And so the watch began.

"I soon came to know individually the dozen or more turtles that kept to my side of the pond. Shortly after the cold mist would lift and melt away, they would stick up their heads through the quiet water; and as the sun slanted down over the ragged rim of treetops, the slow things would float into the warm, lighted spots, or crawl out and doze comfortably on the hummocks and snags.

"What fragrant mornings those were! How fresh and new and unbreathed! The pond odors, the woods odors, the odors of the ploughed fields — of water-lily, and wild grape, and the dew-laid soil! I can taste them yet, and hear them yet — the still, large sounds of the waking day — the pickerel breaking the quiet with his swirl; the kingfisher dropping anchor; the stir of feet and wings among the trees. And then the thought of the great book being held up for me! Those were rare mornings!

"But there began to be a good many of them, for the turtles showed no desire to lay. They sprawled in the sun, and never one came out upon the sand as if she intended to help on the great professor's book. The embryology of her eggs was of small concern to her; her Contribution to the Natural History of the United States could wait.

"And it did wait. I began my watch on the 14th of May; June 1st found me still among the cedars, still waiting, as I had waited every morning, Sundays and rainy days alike. June 1st was a perfect morning, but every turtle slid out upon her log, as if egg-laying might be a matter strictly of next year.

"I began to grow uneasy, — not impatient yet, for a naturalist learns his lesson of patience early, and for all his years; but I began to fear lest, by some subtle sense, my presence might somehow be known to the creatures; that they might have gone to some other place to lay, while I was away at the schoolroom.

"I watched on to the end of the first week, on to the end of the second week in June, seeing the mists rise and vanish every morning, and along with them vanish, more and more, the poetry of my early morning vigil. Poetry and rheumatism cannot long dwell together in the same clump of cedars, and I had begun to feel the rheumatism. A month of morning mists wrapping me around had at last soaked through to my bones. But Agassiz was waiting, and the world was waiting, for those turtle eggs; and I would wait. It was all I could do, for there is no use bringing a china nest-egg to a turtle; she is not open to any such delicate suggestion.

"Then came the mid-June Sunday morning, with dawn breaking a little after three: a warm, wide-awake dawn, with the level mist lifted from the level

surface of the pond a full hour higher than I had seen it any morning before.

"This was the day. I knew it. I have heard persons say that they can hear the grass grow; that they know by some extra sense when danger is nigh. That we have these extra senses I fully believe, and I believe they can be sharpened by cultivation. For a month I had been brooding over this pond, and now I knew. I felt a stirring of the pulse of things that the cold-hearted turtles could no more escape than could the clods and I.

"Leaving my horse unhitched, as if he, too, understood, I slipped eagerly into my covert for a look at the pond. As I did so, a large pickerel ploughed a furrow out through the spatter-docks, and in his wake rose the head of an enormous turtle. Swinging slowly around, the creature headed straight for the shore, and without a pause scrambled out on the sand.

"She was about the size of a big scoop-shovel; but that was not what excited me, so much as her manner, and the gait at which she moved; for there was method in it and fixed purpose. On she came, shuffling over the sand toward the higher open fields, with a hurried, determined see-saw that was taking her somewhere in particular, and that was bound to get her there on time.

"I held my breath. Had she been a dinosaurian making Mesozoic footprints, I could not have been

more fearful. For footprints in the Mesozoic mud, or in the sands of time, were as nothing to me when compared with fresh turtle eggs in the sands of this pond. But over the strip of sand, without a stop, she paddled, and up a narrow cow-path into the high grass along a fence. Then up the narrow cow-path, on all fours, just like another turtle, I paddled, and into the high wet grass along the fence.

"I kept well within sound of her, for she moved recklessly, leaving a trail of flattened grass a foot and a half wide. I wanted to stand up, — and I don't believe I could have turned her back with a rail, — but I was afraid if she saw me that she might return indefinitely to the pond; so on I went, flat to the ground, squeezing through the lower rails of the fence, as if the field beyond were a melon-patch. It was nothing of the kind, only a wild, uncomfortable pasture, full of dewberry vines, and very discouraging. They were excessively wet vines and briery. I pulled my coat-sleeves as far over my fists as I could get them, and with the tin pail of sand swinging from between my teeth to avoid noise, I stumped fiercely but silently on after the turtle.

"She was laying her course, I thought, straight down the length of this dreadful pasture, when, not far from the fence, she suddenly hove to, warped herself short about, and came back, barely clearing me, at a clip that was thrilling. I warped about, too,

and in her wake bore down across the corner of the pasture, across the powdery public road, and on to a fence along a field of young corn.

"I was somewhat wet by this time, but not so wet as I had been before wallowing through the deep dry dust of the road. Hurrying up behind a large tree by the fence, I peered down the corn-rows and saw the turtle stop, and begin to paw about in the loose soft soil. She was going to lay!

"I held on to the tree and watched, as she tried this place, and that place, and the other place — the eternally feminine! — But *the* place, evidently, was hard to find. What could a female turtle do with a whole field of possible nests to choose from? Then at last she found it, and whirling about, she backed quickly at it, and, tail first, began to bury herself before my staring eyes.

"Those were not the supreme moments of my life; perhaps those moments came later that day; but those certainly were among the slowest, most dreadfully mixed of moments that I ever experienced. They were hours long. There she was, her shell just showing, like some old hulk in the sand along shore. And how long would she stay there? and how should I know if she had laid an egg?

"I could still wait. And so I waited, when, over the freshly awakened fields, floated four mellow strokes from the distant town clock.

"Four o'clock! Why, there was no train until

seven! No train for three hours! The eggs would spoil! Then with a rush it came over me that this was Sunday morning, and there was no regular seven o'clock train, — none till after nine.

"I think I should have fainted had not the turtle just then begun crawling off. I was weak and dizzy; but there, there in the sand, were the eggs! and Agassiz! and the great book! And I cleared the fence, and the forty miles that lay between me and Cambridge, at a single jump. He should have them, trains or no. Those eggs should go to Agassiz by seven o'clock, if I had to gallop every mile of the way. Forty miles! Any horse could cover it in three hours, if he had to; and upsetting the astonished turtle, I scooped out her round white eggs.

"On a bed of sand in the bottom of the pail I laid them, with what care my trembling fingers allowed; filled in between them with more sand; so with another layer to the rim; and covering all smoothly with more sand, I ran back for my horse.

"That horse knew, as well as I, that the turtles had laid, and that he was to get those eggs to Agassiz. He turned out of that field into the road on two wheels, a thing he had not done for twenty years, doubling me up before the dashboard, the pail of eggs miraculously lodged between my knees.

"I let him out. If only he could keep this pace all the way to Cambridge! or even halfway there; and I would have time to finish the trip on foot. I

shouted him on, holding to the dasher with one hand, the pail of eggs with the other, not daring to get off my knees, though the bang on them, as we pounded down the wood-road, was terrific. But nothing must happen to the eggs; they must not be jarred, or even turned over in the sand before they came to Agassiz.

"In order to get out on the pike it was necessary to drive back away from Boston toward the town. We had nearly covered the distance, and were rounding a turn from the woods into the open fields, when, ahead of me, at the station it seemed, I heard the quick sharp whistle of a locomotive.

"What did it mean? Then followed the *puff*, *puff*, *puff*, of a starting train. But what train? Which way going? And jumping to my feet for a longer view, I pulled into a side road, that paralleled the track, and headed hard for the station.

"We reeled along. The station was still out of sight, but from behind the bushes that shut it from view, rose the smoke of a moving engine. It was perhaps a mile away, but we were approaching, head on; and, topping a little hill, I swept down upon a freight train, the black smoke pouring from the stack, as the mighty creature got itself together for its swift run down the rails.

"My horse was on the gallop, going with the track, and straight toward the coming train. The sight of it almost maddened me — the bare thought

of it, on the road to Boston! On I went; on it came, a half—a quarter of a mile between us, when suddenly my road shot out along an unfenced field with only a level stretch of sod between me and the engine.

"With a pull that lifted the horse from his feet, I swung him into the field and sent him straight as an arrow for the track. That train should carry me and my eggs to Boston!

"The engineer pulled the rope. He saw me standing up in the rig, saw my hat blow off, saw me wave my arms, saw the tin pail swing in my teeth, and he jerked out a succession of sharp halts! But it was he who should halt, not I; and on we went, the horse with a flounder landing the carriage on top of the track.

"The train was already grinding to a stop; but before it was near a standstill, I had backed off the track, jumped out, and, running down the rails with the astonished engineers gaping at me, swung aboard the cab.

"They offered no resistance; they had n't had time. Nor did they have the disposition, for I looked strange, not to say dangerous. Hatless, dew-soaked, smeared with yellow mud, and holding, as if it were a baby or a bomb, a little tin pail of sand.

"'Crazy,' the fireman muttered, looking to the engineer for his cue.

"I had been crazy, perhaps, but I was not crazy now.

"'Throw her wide open,' I commanded. 'Wide open! These are fresh turtle eggs for Professor Agassiz of Cambridge. He must have them before breakfast.'

"Then they knew I was crazy, and evidently thinking it best to humor me, threw the throttle wide open, and away we went.

"I kissed my hand to the horse, grazing unconcernedly in the open field, and gave a smile to my crew. That was all I could give them, and hold myself and the eggs together. But the smile was enough. And they smiled through their smut at me, though one of them held fast to his shovel, while the other kept his hand upon a big ugly wrench. Neither of them spoke to me, but above the roar of the swaying engine I caught enough of their broken talk to understand that they were driving under a full head of steam, with the intention of handing me over to the Boston police, as perhaps the safest way of disposing of me.

"I was only afraid that they would try it at the next station. But that station whizzed past without a bit of slack, and the next, and the next; when it came over me that this was the through freight, which should have passed in the night, and was making up lost time.

"Only the fear of the shovel and the wrench kept me from shaking hands with both men at this discovery. But I beamed at them; and they at me.

I was enjoying it. The unwonted jar beneath my feet was wrinkling my diaphragm with spasms of delight. And the fireman beamed at the engineer, with a look that said, 'See the lunatic grin; he likes it!'

"He did like it. How the iron wheels sang to me as they took the rails! How the rushing wind in my ears sang to me! From my stand on the fireman's side of the cab I could catch a glimpse of the track just ahead of the engine, where the ties seemed to leap into the throat of the mile-devouring monster. The joy of it! of seeing space swallowed by the mile!

"I shifted the eggs from hand to hand and thought of my horse, of Agassiz, of the great book, of my great luck, — luck, — luck, — until the multitudinous tongues of the thundering train were all chiming 'luck! luck! luck!' They knew! They understood! This beast of fire and tireless wheels was doing its best to get the eggs to Agassiz!

"We swung out past the Blue Hills, and yonder flashed the morning sun from the towering dome of the State House. I might have leaped from the cab and run the rest of the way on foot, had I not caught the eye of the engineer watching me narrowly. I was not in Boston yet, nor in Cambridge either. I was an escaped lunatic, who had held up a train, and forced it to carry me to Boston.

"Perhaps I had overdone the lunacy business. Suppose these two men should take it into their

heads to turn me over to the police, whether I would or no? I could never explain the case in time to get the eggs to Agassiz. I looked at my watch. There were still a few minutes left, in which I might explain to these men, who, all at once, had become my captors. But it was too late. Nothing could avail against my actions, my appearance, and my little pail of sand.

"I had not thought of my appearance before. Here I was, face and clothes caked with yellow mud, my hair wild and matted, my hat gone, and in my full-grown hands a tiny tin pail of sand, as if I had been digging all night with a tiny tin shovel on the shore! And thus to appear in the decent streets of Boston of a Sunday morning!

"I began to feel like a lunatic. The situation was serious, or might be, and rather desperately funny at its best. I must in some way have shown my new fears, for both men watched me more sharply.

"Suddenly, as we were nearing the outer freight-yard, the train slowed down and came to a stop. I was ready to jump, but I had no chance. They had nothing to do, apparently, but to guard me. I looked at my watch again. What time we had made! It was only six o'clock, with a whole hour to get to Cambridge.

"But I did n't like this delay. Five minutes — ten — went by.

"'Gentlemen,' I began, but was cut short by an

express train coming past. We were moving again, on — into a siding; on — on to the main track; and on with a bump and a crash and a succession of crashes, running the length of the train; on at a turtle's pace, but on, — when the fireman, quickly jumping for the bell-rope, left the way to the step free, and — the chance had come!

"I never touched the step, but landed in the soft sand at the side of the track, and made a line for the yard fence.

"There was no hue or cry. I glanced over my shoulder to see if they were after me. Evidently their hands were full, and they did n't know I had gone.

"But I had gone; and was ready to drop over the high board-fence, when it occurred to me that I might drop into a policeman's arms. Hanging my pail in a splint on top of a post, I peered cautiously over — a very wise thing to do before you jump a high board-fence. There, crossing the open square toward the station, was a big burly fellow with a club — looking for me.

"I flattened for a moment, when some one in the yard yelled at me. I preferred the policeman, and grabbing my pail I slid over to the street. The policeman moved on past the corner of the station out of sight. The square was free, and yonder stood a cab!

"Time was flying now. Here was the last lap.

The cabman saw me coming, and squared away. I waved a paper dollar at him, but he only stared the more. A dollar can cover a good deal, but I was too much for one dollar. I pulled out another, thrust them both at him, and dodged into the cab, calling, 'Cambridge!'

"He would have taken me straight to the police station, had I not said, 'Harvard College. Professor Agassiz's house! I've got eggs for Agassiz'; and pushed another dollar up at him through the hole.

"It was nearly half-past six.

"'Let him go!' I ordered. 'Here's another dollar if you make Agassiz's house in twenty minutes. Let him out. Never mind the police!'

"He evidently knew the police, or there were few around at that time on a Sunday morning. We went down the sleeping streets, as I had gone down the wood-roads from the pond two hours before, but with the rattle and crash now of a fire brigade. Whirling a corner into Cambridge Street, we took the bridge at a gallop, the driver shouting out something in Hibernian to a pair of waving arms and a belt and brass buttons.

"Across the bridge with a rattle and jolt that put the eggs in jeopardy, and on over the cobblestones, we went. Half-standing, to lessen the jar, I held the pail in one hand and held myself in the other, not daring to let go even to look at my watch.

"But I was afraid to look at the watch. I was

afraid to see how near to seven o'clock it might be. The sweat was dropping from my nose, so close was I running to the limit of my time.

"Suddenly there was a lurch, and I dove forward, rainming my head into the front of the cab, coming up with a rebound that landed me across the small of my back on the seat, and sent half of my pail of eggs helter-skelter over the floor.

"We had stopped. Here was Agassiz's house; and not taking time to pick up the scattered eggs, I tumbled out, and pounded at the door.

"No one was astir in the house. But I would stir them. And I did. Right in the midst of the racket the door opened. It was the maid.

"'Agassiz,' I gasped, 'I want Professor Agassiz, quick!' And I pushed by her into the hall.

"'Go 'way, sir. I'll call the police. Professor Agassiz is in bed. Go 'way, sir.'

"'Call him — Agassiz — instantly, or I 'll call him myself!'

"But I did n't; for just then a door overhead was flung open, a white-robed figure appeared on the dim landing above, and a quick loud voice called excitedly,—

"'Let him in! Let him in! I know him. He has my turtle eggs!'

"And the apparition, slipperless, and clad in anything but an academic gown, came sailing down the stairs.

"The maid fled. The great man, his arms extended, laid hold of me with both hands, and dragging me and my precious pail into his study, with a swift, clean stroke laid open one of the eggs, as the watch in my trembling hands ticked its way to seven — as if nothing unusual were happening to the history of the world."

"You were in time then?" I said.

"To the tick. There stands my copy of the great book. I am proud of the humble part I had in it."

In "The Face of the Fields."

READERS AND READING

HENRY VAN DYKE

I. THE READERS

Readers existed before books were made.

The first rude writings that were cut on the faces of smooth rocks, or inscribed on tablets of clay, or traced on bits of skin, implied the presence of people in the world who were able to decipher the letters and interpret their meaning. The Book was simply the author's invention to make his work accessible, portable, preservable, and so more powerful.

Books, then, do not exist for their own sake, but for the sake of people. A man may compose poems

or construct stories for his own amusement; he may record events or describe facts for his own discipline; but when he puts these records, these verses, these inventions into a book, — clay-cylinder, papyrus roll, or printed volume, — and sends it out into the world, his mind's eye is fixed on readers, real or imaginary.

There are readers, and readers. For purposes of convenience they may be divided into three classes.

First, there is the "simple reader," — the ordinary book-consumer of commerce. He reads without any particular purpose or intention, chiefly in order to occupy his spare time. He has formed the habit, and it pleases him. He does not know much about literature, but he says he knows what he likes. All is fish that comes to his net. Curiosity and fashion play a large part in directing his reading. He is an easy prey for the loud advertising bookseller. He seldom reads a book the second time, except when he forgets that he has read it before. For a reader in this stage of evolution the most valuable advice (if, indeed, any counsel may be effectual) is chiefly of a negative character. Do not read vulgar books, silly books, morbid books. Do not read books that are written in bad English. Do not read books simply because other people are reading them. Do not read more than five new books to one old one.

Next comes the "intelligent reader," — the person who wants to know, and to whom books are

valuable chiefly for the accuracy of the information which they convey. He reads with the definite purpose of increasing his acquaintance with facts. Memory is his most valuable faculty. He is ardent in the following of certain lines of investigation; he is apt to have a specialty, and to think highly of its importance. He is inclined to take notes and to make analyses. This particular reader is the one to whom lists of books and courses of reading are most useful.

Last comes the "gentle reader"—the person who wants to grow, and who turns to books as a means of purifying his tastes, deepening his feelings, broadening his sympathies, and enhancing his joy in life. Literature he loves because it is the most humane of the arts. Its forms and processes interest him as expressions of the human striving towards clearness of thought, purity of emotion, and harmony of action with the ideal. The culture of a finer, fuller manhood is what this reader seeks. He is looking for the books in which the inner meanings of nature and life are translated into language of distinction and charm, touched with the human personality of the author, and embodied in forms of permanent interest and power. This is literature.

II. THE READING

Read the preface first. It was probably written last. But the author put it at the beginning be-

cause he wanted to say something particular to you before you entered the book. Go in through the front door.

Read plenty of books about people and things, but not too many books about books. Literature is not to be taken in emulsion. The only way to know a great author is to read his works for yourself. That will give you knowledge at first-hand.

Read one book at a time, but never one book alone. Well-born books always have relatives. Follow them up. Learn something about the family if you want to understand the individual. If you have been reading the "Idylls of the King," go back to Sir Thomas Malory: if you have been keeping company with Stevenson, travel for a while with Scott, Dumas, and Defoe.

Read the old books, — those that have stood the test of time. Read them slowly, carefully, thoroughly. They will help you to discriminate among the new ones.

Read no book with which the author has not taken pains enough to write it in a clean, sound, lucid style. Life is short. If he thought so little of his work that he left it in the rough, it is not likely to be worth your pains in reading it.

Read over again the ten best books that you have already read. The result of this experiment will test your taste, measure your advance, and fit you for progress in the art of reading.

A TROOP OF THE GUARD RIDES FORTH TO-DAY

HERMANN HAGEDORN

Read before the Graduating Class of Harvard College, June 21, 1907.

There 's trampling of hoofs in the busy street,
  There 's clanking of sabers on floor and stair,
There 's sound of restless, hurrying feet,
Of voices that whisper, of lips that entreat,
  Will they live, will they die, will they strive, will they dare?
The houses are garlanded, flags flutter gay,
For a Troop of the Guard rides forth to-day.

Oh, the troopers will ride and their hearts will leap,
  When it 's shoulder to shoulder and friend to friend —
But it 's some to the pinnacle, some to the deep,
And some in the glow of their strength to sleep,
  And for all it 's a fight to the tale's far end.
And it 's each to his goal, nor turn nor sway,
When the Troop of the Guard rides forth to-day.

. . . . . .

The portals are open, the white road leads
  Through thicket and garden, o'er stone and sod.
On, up! Boot and saddle! Give spurs to your steeds!

There 's a city beleaguered that cries for men's deeds,
For the faith that is strength and the love that is God!
On through the dawning! Humanity calls!
Life 's not a dream in the clover!
On to the walls, on to the walls,
On to the walls, and over!

From "A Troop of the Guard."

THE MARCH OF THE FIRST BRIGADE

MARY JOHNSTON

It was nine, in the morning of Thursday the eighteenth, — a scorching day. The locusts were singing of the heat; the grass, wherever men, horses, and wagon wheels had not ground it into dust, was parched to a golden brown; the mint by the stream looked wilted. The morning drill was over, the 65th lounging beneath the trees. It was almost too hot to fuss about Patterson, almost too hot to pity the sentinels, almost too hot to wonder where Stuart's cavalry had gone that morning, and why "Old Joe," quartered behind the mulberries in the brick farmhouse, had sent a staff officer to "Old Jack," and why Bee's and Bartow's and Elzey's brigades had been similarly visited; almost too hot to play checkers, to whittle a set of chessmen, to finish

that piece of Greek, to read "Ivanhoe" and resolve to fight like Brian de Bois Guilbert and Richard Cœur de Lion in one, to write home, to rout out knapsack and haversack, and look again at fifty precious trifles; too hot to smoke, to tease Company A's pet coon, to think about Thunder Run, to wonder how pap was gettin' on with that thar piece of corn, and what the girls were sayin'; too hot to borrow, too hot to swear, too hot to go down to the creek and wash a shirt, too hot — "What's that drum beginning for? *The long roll! The Army of the Valley is going to move! Boys, boys, boys! We are going north to Charlestown! Boys, boys, boys! We are going to lick Patterson!*"

At noon the Army of the Valley, the First Brigade leading, uncoiled itself, regiment by regiment, from the wide meadow and the chestnut wood, swept out upon the turnpike — and found its head turned toward the south! There was stupefaction, then tongues were loosed. "What's this — what's this, boys? Charlestown ain't in this direction. Old Joe's lost his bearings! Johnny Lemon, you go tell him so — go ask Old Jack if you can't. Whoa, there! The fool's going!! Come back here quick, Johnny, afore the captain sees you! — Oh, thunder! we're going right back through Winchester!"

A wave of anger swept over the First Brigade. The 65th grew intractable, moved at a snail's pace. The company officers went to and fro. "Close up,

men, close up! No, I don't know any more than you do — maybe it's some roundabout way. Close up — close up!" The colonel rode along the line. "What's the matter here? You are n't going to a funeral! Think it's a fox hunt, boys, and step out lively!" A courier arrived from the head of the column. "General Jackson's compliments to Colonel Brooke, and he says if this regiment is n't in step in three minutes he'll leave it with the sick in Winchester!"

The First Brigade, followed by Bee, Bartow, and Elzey, marched sullenly down the turnpike, into Winchester, and through its dusty streets. The people were all out, old men, boys, and women thronging the brick sidewalks. The army had seventeen hundred sick in the town. Pale faces looked out of upper windows; men just recovering from dysentery, from measles, from fever, stumbled out of shady front yards and fell into line; others, more helpless, started, then wavered back. "Boys, boys! you ain't never going to leave us here for the Yanks to take? Boys — boys —" The citizens, too, had their say. "Is Winchester to be left to Patterson? We've done our best by you — and you go marching away!" Several of the older women were weeping, the younger looked scornful. *Close up, men, close up — close up!*

The First Brigade was glad when it was through the town. Before it, leading southward through the Valley of Virginia, stretched the great pike, a hun-

dred and twenty miles of road, traversing as fair, rich, and happy a region as war ever found a paradise and left a desolation. To the east towered the Blue Ridge, to west the Great North and Shenandoah Mountains, twenty miles to the south Massanutton rose like a Gibraltar from the rolling fields of wheat and corn, the orchard lands and pleasant pastures. The region was one of old mills, turning flashing wheels, of comfortable red brick houses and well-stored barns, of fair market towns, of a noble breed of horses, and of great, white-covered wagons, of clear waters and sweet gardens, of an honest, thrifty, brave, and intelligent people. It was a fair country, and many of the army were at home there, but the army had at the moment no taste for its beauties. It wanted to see Patterson's long, blue lines; it wanted to drive them out of Virginia, across the Potomac, back to where they came from.

The First Brigade was dispirited and critical, and as it had not yet learned to control its mood, it marched as a dispirited and critical person would be apt to march in the brazen middle of a July day. Every spring and rivulet, every blackberry bush and apple tree upon the road gathered recruits. The halts for no purpose were interminable, the perpetual *Close up, close up, men!* of the exasperated officers as unavailing as the droning in the heat of the burnished June-bugs. The brigade had no intention of not making known its reluctance to leave

Patterson. It took an hour to make a mile from Winchester. General Jackson rode down the column on Little Sorrel and said something to the colonel of each regiment, which something the colonels passed on to the captains. The next mile was made in half an hour.

The July dust rose from the pike in clouds, hot, choking, thick as the rain of ash from a volcano. It lay heavy upon coat, cap, haversack, and knapsack, upon the muskets and upon the colors, drooping in the heat, drooping at the idea of turning back upon Patterson and going off, Heaven and Old Joe knew where! Tramp, tramp over the hot pike, sullenly southward, hot without and hot within! The knapsack was heavy, the haversack was heavy, the musket was heavy. Sweat ran down from under cap or felt hat, and made grimy trenches down cheek and chin. The men had too thick underwear. They carried overcoat and blanket — it was hot, hot, and every pound like ten! *To keep — to throw away? To keep — to throw away?* The beat of feet kept time to that pressing question, and to *Just marching to be marching! — reckon Old Joe thinks it 's fun*, and to *Where are we going, anyway?*

Through the enormous dust cloud that the army raised, the trees of the valley appeared as brown smudges against an ocherish sky. The farther hills and the mountains were not seen at all. The stone fences on either side the road, the blackberry bushes,

the elder, the occasional apple or cherry tree were all but dun lines and blotches. Oh, hot, hot! A man swung his arm, and a rolled overcoat landed in the middle of a briar patch. A second followed suit — a third, a fourth. A great, raw-boned fellow from some mountain clearing jerked at the lacing of his shoes and in a moment was marching barefoot, the offending leather swinging from his arm. To right and left he found imitators. A corpulent man, a merchant used to a big chair set in the shady front of a village store, suffered greatly, pale about the lips, and with his breath coming in wheezing gasps. His overcoat went first, then his roll of blanket. Finally he gazed a moment, sorrowfully enough, at his knapsack, then dropped it, too, quietly, in a fence corner. *Close up, men — close up!*

A wind arose and blew the dust maddeningly to and fro. In the Color Company of the 65th a boy began to cough, uncontrollably, with a hollow sound. Those near him looked askance. "You 'd better run along home, sonny! Yo' ma had n't ought to let you come. Darn it all! if we march down this pike longer, we 'll all land home! — If you listen right hard you can hear Thunder Run! — And that thar Yank hugging himself back thar at Charlestown! — dessay he 's telegraphin' right this minute that we 've run away — "

Richard Cleave passed along the line. "Don't be so downhearted, men! It 's not really any hotter than

at a barbecue at home. Who was that coughing?"

"Andrew Kerr, sir."

"Andrew Kerr, you go to the doctor the first thing after roll-call to-night. Cheer up, men! No one 's going to send you home without fighting."

From the rear came a rumble, shouted orders, a cracking of whips. The column swerved to one side of the broad road, and the Rockbridge Artillery passed — a vision of horses, guns, and men, wrapped in a dun whirlwind and disappearing in the blast. They were gone in thunder through the heat and haze. The 65th Virginia wondered to a man why it had not chosen the artillery.

Out of a narrow way stretching westward, came suddenly at a gallop a handful of troopers, black plumed and magnificently mounted, swinging into the pike and disappearing in a pillar of dust toward the head of the column. Back out of the cloud sounded the jingling of accouterments, the neighing of horses, a shouted order.

The infantry groaned. "Ten of the Black Horse! — where are the rest of them, I wonder? Oh, ain't they lucky dogs?"

"Stuart's men have the sweetest time! — just galloping over the country, and making love, and listening to Sweeney's banjo —

> If you want to have a good time —
> If you want to have a good time,
> Jine the cavalry! —

What 's that road over there — the cool-looking one? The road to Ashby's Gap? Wish this pike was shady like that!"

A bugle blew; the command to halt ran down the column. The First Brigade came to a stand upon the dusty pike, in the heat and glare. The 65th was the third in column, the 4th and the 27th leading. Suddenly from the 4th there burst a cheer, a loud and high note of relief and exultation. A moment, and the infection had spread to the 27th; it, too, was cheering wildly. Apparently there were several couriers — No! staff officers, the 65th saw the gold lace — with some message or order from the commanding general, now well in advance with his guard of Black Horse. They were riding down the line — Old Jack was with them — the 4th and the 27th were cheering like mad. The colonel of the 65th rode forward. There was a minute's parley, then he turned, "Sixty-fifth! It is n't a fox hunt — it 's a bear hunt! 'General Johnston to the 65th' —" He broke off and waved forward the aide-de-camp beside him. "Tell them, Captain Washington, tell them what a terror to corn-cribs we 're going after!"

The aide, a young man, superbly mounted, laughed, raised his voice. "Sixty-fifth! The Army of the Valley is going through Ashby's Gap to Piedmont, and from Piedmont by rail to Manassas Junction. General Stuart is still at Winchester amusing General Patterson. At Manassas our gallant army under

General Beauregard is attacked by McDowell with overwhelming numbers. The commanding general hopes that his troops will step out like men and make a forced march to save the country!"

He was gone—the other staff officers were gone—Old Jack was gone. They passed the shouting 65th, and presently from down the line came the cheers of the 2d, 21st, and 33d Virginia. Old Jack rode back alone the length of his brigade; and so overflowing was the enthusiasm of the men that they cheered him, cheered lustily! He touched his old forage cap, went stiffly by upon Little Sorrel. From the rear, far down the road, could be heard the voices of Bee, Bartow, and Elzey. Ardor, elasticity, strength returned to the Army of the Shenandoah. With a triumphant cry the First Brigade wheeled into the road that led eastward through the Blue Ridge by Ashby's Gap.

Two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock came and passed. Enthusiasm carried the men fast and far, but they were raw troops and they suffered. The sun, too, was enthusiastic, burning with all its might. The road proved neither cool nor shady. All the springs seemed suddenly to have dried up. Out of every hour there was a halt of ten minutes, and it was needed. The men dropped by the roadside, upon the parched grass, beneath the shadow of the sumach and the elder bushes, and lay without speaking. The small farmers, the mountaineers,

the hunters, the ploughmen fared not so badly; but the planters of many acres, the lawyers, the doctors, the divines, the merchants, the millers, and the innkeepers, the undergraduates from the University, the youths from classical academies, county stores, village banks, lawyers' offices, all who led a horseback or sedentary existence, and the elderly men and the very young, — these suffered heavily. The mounted officers were not foot-weary, but they also had heat, thirst, and hunger, and, in addition, responsibility, inexperience, and the glance of their brigadier. The ten minutes were soon over. *Fall in — fall in, men!* The short rest made the going worse, the soldiers rose so stiff and sore.

The men had eaten before leaving the camp above Winchester — but that was days ago. Now, as they went through Clarke County, there appeared at cross-roads, at plantation gates, at stiles leading into green fields, ladies young and old, bearing baskets of good things hastily snatched from pantry and table. They had pitchers, too, of iced tea, of cold milk, even of raspberry acid and sangaree. How good it all was! and how impossible to go around! But, fed or hungry, refreshed or thirsty, the men blessed the donors, and that reverently, with a purity of thought, a chivalrousness of regard, a shade of feeling, youthful and sweet and yet virile enough, which went with the Confederate soldier into the service and abode to the end.

The long afternoon wore to a close. The heat decreased, but the dust remained and the weariness grew to gigantic proportions. The First Brigade was well ahead of Bee, Bartow, and Elzey. It had started in advance and it had increased the distance. If there was any marching in men, Jackson forced it out; they went a league for him where another would have procured but a mile, but even he, even enthusiasm and the necessity of relieving Beauregard got upon this march less than two miles an hour. Most happily, McDowell, advancing on Beauregard and Bull Run and fearing "masked batteries," marched much more slowly. At sunset the First Brigade reached the Shenandoah.

The mounted officers took up one and sometimes two men beside them, and the horses struggled bravely through the cold, rapid, breast-deep current. Behind them, company by company, the men stripped off coat and trousers, piled clothing and ammunition upon their heads, held high their muskets, and so crossed. The guns and wagons followed. Before the river was passed the night fell dark.

The heat was now gone by, the dust was washed away, the men had drunk their fill. From the haversacks they took the remnant of the food cooked that morning. The biscuit and the bacon tasted very good; not enough of either, it was true, but still something. The road above the river rose steeply,

for here was the Blue Ridge, lofty and dark, rude with rock, and shaggy with untouched forests. This was the pass through the mountains, this was Ashby's Gap. The brigade climbed with the road, tired and silent and grim. The day had somehow been a foretaste of war; the men had a new idea of the draught and of the depth of the cup. They felt older, and the air, blowing down from the mountains, seemed the air of a far country toward which they had been traveling almost without knowing it. They saw now that it was a strange country, much unlike that in which they had hitherto lived. They climbed slowly between dark crag and tree, and wearily. All song and jest had died; they were tired soldiers, hungry now for sleep. *Close up, men, close up!*

They came to the height of the pass, marked by a giant poplar whose roots struck deep into four counties. Here again there was a ten minutes' halt; the men sank down upon the soft beds of leaf and mold. Their eyelids drooped; they were in a dream at once, and in a dream heard the *Fall in — fall in, men!* The column stumbled to its feet and began the descent of the mountain.

Clouds came up; at midnight when they reached the lower slope, it was raining. Later they came to the outskirts of the village of Paris, to a grove of mighty oaks, and here the brigade was halted for the night. The men fell upon the ground and slept. No food was taken, and no sentries were posted.

An aide, very heavy-eyed, asked if guard should not be set. "No, sir," answered the general. "Let them sleep." "And you, sir?" "I don't feel like it. I'll see that there is no alarm." With his cloak about him, with his old cadet cap pulled down over his eyes, awkward and simple and plain, he paced out the night beneath the trees, or sat upon a broken rail fence, watching his sleeping soldiers and, the aide thought, praying.

The light rain ceased, the sky cleared, the pale dawn came up from the east. In the first pink light the bugles sounded. Up rose the First Brigade, cooked and ate its breakfast, swung out from the oak grove upon the highroad, and faced the rising sun. The morning was divinely cool, the men in high spirits, Piedmont and the railway were but six miles down the road. The First Brigade covered the distance by eight o'clock. There was the station, there was the old Manassas Gap railroad, there was the train of freight and cattle cars — ever so many freight and cattle cars! Company after company the men piled in; by ten o'clock every car was filled, and the platforms and roofs had their quota. The crazy old engine blew its whistle, the First Brigade was off for Manassas.

From "The Long Roll."

RETURN

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

Soldier-boy, soldier-boy,
Now the war is done,
Are you not a happy lad
To see the world at one?
Home again — home again,
Living, in the sun!

"Oh, the faces smiled on us
While the faces passed;
And the cannon hailed the flags
Waving from the mast.
It was good, it was good, —
Ah, too good to last.

"Now the streets are still again,
Still enough to fret;
Though the hurts you do not see
May be aching yet,
What we gave, what we won,
Most of you forget.

"For however much I pay
There is more to owe;

And I must be doing still,
And choose my yes and no!
But friend to me or enemy, —
Who wears aught to show?

"Taking orders from myself
Leaves me many ways;
And there is n't much to choose
When a man obeys!
But a bullet keeps its word
When a kiss betrays."

Soldier-boy, soldier-boy,
Tell me what you bring
From the wisdom of the war
Years and nations sing.
"What is death? A bitter breath!
Life 's the hardest thing."

RECESSIONAL

RUDYARD KIPLING

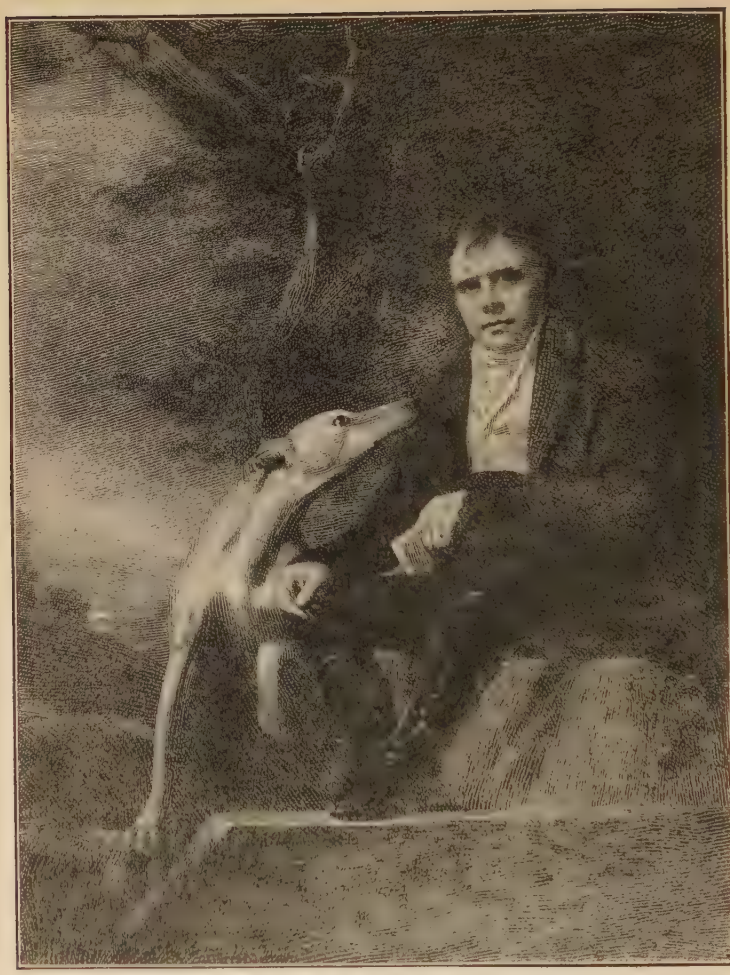
God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word —
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!



From the painting by Sir Henry Raeburn, at Abbotsford

Walter Scott

PART II. STUDY OF AUTHORS

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Grim battlements centuries old, crowning a rocky steep; three miles away, the palace of a murdered queen; and winding between them along its hilly streets, the ancient town of Edinburgh. What a city for romance! And what a rare good fortune is ours that there should have been born into Edinburgh those two romancers, Robert Louis Stevenson and Walter Scott. Stevenson was the nearer our own time; and his stories began, we may say, where Scott's left off. They are of the Scotland of but two centuries ago. But Scott's are of the veritable ancient Scotland, baptized in the blood of her mountain heroes—the country of tribe and clan and Border strife.

> O Caledonia stern and wild,
> Meet nurse for a poetic child!
> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,
> Land of my sires!

So sings Scott's "Last Minstrel," touching his harp in the castle hall. The lines came from Scott's own heart, for he was himself a "minstrel" descended from Border chiefs. Something of their

mighty brawn was in him; and his own story is a giant thing. Let us see what that story is.

It is the year 1771, and a boy is born in the comfortable household of an Edinburgh lawyer. He seems a healthy child till fever leaves a lameness in its wake. No running and racketing for him. He lies still in the ingle nook long winter evenings, listening to legendary lore from aunt and mother; and long summer days he lies out in the pasture on his grandfather's farm in the Cheviot hills, while the old shepherd tells him the tales of the Border. And as the boy lies there listening, he gazes across to an old keep on the summit of a naked hill — a silhouette of tower-crowned crags against the western sky. The world will one day see that very scene as this child Walter Scott sees it now — no ruin on that castled steep, but a fortress alive with watchful Borderers.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow luster shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height;
Their armor, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

They are the opening lines of the first canto of "Marmion."

The little boy grows up into a handsome young man,— tall, broad-shouldered, powerful, jovial, splendid, — no trace of the illness left except the limping gait. He sits well in the saddle; and, vacations out of court, — for he has studied law and is an advocate, — he rides far over the Cheviot Hills, through the untraveled Borderland. All for fun it may be, but, going from house to house, he is gathering songs and tunes and scraps of tales — the unwritten history of the Border.

Years pass. The young advocate is married. He has been appointed Sheriff with a moderate salary, and has purchased a farm at Ashestiel on the Tweed. And now he thinks to gather for printing his gleanings from the hills. And so appears "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, edited by Walter Scott." It is hailed as a great work, a mountain spring of legendary lore.

The young sheriff-advocate is no idler. Every morning by six he is at his desk writing busily, a favorite dog by his side; by breakfast he has "broken the neck of the day's work"; a few more hours with his pen, and he has mounted his horse and is off — "the hardest worker and the heartiest player in the kingdom," his neighbors of Ashestiel say. They little know at first that it is the prince of minstrels who is galloping off with his hounds, in the

person of this bluff and hearty sheriff. But soon there appear, one after the other, three splendid poems by this Sheriff Scott. The beating of hoofs and the baying of hounds is in them, and the glory of the mountains and of deeds of chivalry. Truly, they sound more like poems of the saddle than the study. They are "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake"; and other poems follow these. We must remember, it is early in the nineteenth century; poems of this sort are a new thing; and Walter Scott finds himself suddenly the owner of a goodly fame and fortune.

Time paces on — more money, more appointments, more fame. Scott buys an estate farther up the Tweed. He names it Abbotsford, because all this land at the river's ford belonged once to the abbots of Melrose, whose ruined abbey stands hard by. He has a charming cottage, but it is not sufficient for the entertainment of a great man's guests, nor does it satisfy the great man's ambition. He must build larger, vaster, buy more farms, extend the grounds, multiply the servants, enrich the furnishings — in short, make himself the biggest laird in all the country round.

And now, just in the nick of time, just as the nine days' wonder of his verse is passing, Fate leads him blindfolded, as it were, to lay his hand upon another fortune and new fame.

It is one day in 1814, when, going to an old desk to

look for fishing tackle for a guest, he chances there upon the manuscript of a story, long forgotten, thrown aside because a friend pronounced it tedious. Now his imagination fingers it over, finds it finishable, and lo, in a glow of but three weeks' work, two volumes are added, and the tale is done! "Waverley: or, Sixty Years Since, a novel in 3 vols." — so the advertisement runs, but it does not say by Walter Scott. This, too, is a thing of new sort — the historical romance. The public is delighted. Who is the author? Nobody knows. Everybody guesses. Still Scott keeps silent.

"I shall *not* own Waverley," he writes to a friend in the secret; "my chief reason is that it would prevent me of the pleasure of writing again. . . . In truth, I am not sure it would be considered quite decorous for me, as a Clerk of Session, to write novels."

And now occurs the marvelous achievement of twenty-three novels within fourteen years — "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "Quentin Durward," and all the rest of that wonderful succession — "faster written and better paid for than any other books in the world," says Carlyle. And side by side with this stupendous labor is being enacted the drollest of masques and mummeries. Here is the author hearing himself exalted as "The Great Un-

known," "The Wizard of the North"; forced to drink toasts to himself at public dinners and cheer with the rest when his work is praised. For thirteen years the fun goes on, but suspicion is hedging him more and more. George the Fourth even knights him Baronet of Abbotsford. And now Sir Walter is like a king traveling incognito: everyone knows that he is the king, but courtesy forbids that he be recognized as the king.

Matters are going thus royally with this King of Old Romance when, of a sudden, his pinnacle of riches crashes about him. He has been secretly in partnership with his publishers, and the firm has failed. In one day Sir Walter finds himself bankrupt, debtor for more than the value of his whole estate. Is he crushed? Does he waver what to do? Not he. Now he shows the "stout self-help" that is in him—proudly refuses the offer of the state to pay his debts, and sets to work manfully with his pen, writing more books and more, whatever is wanted and will sell. He pays more than half of that enormous debt—the rest, every cent, is paid out of the sale of his books after his death. But the task is too great even for his giant strength and will. He is stricken with paralysis; the pen drops from his hand. And so passes the last of the Scottish Minstrels.

What a life it is! How open-hearted, stout-hearted, victorious at the end!

ABBOTSFORD

COURTYARD FRONT

THE LIBRARY

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword, —
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word, —
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?" —

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand 'ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Neth-
erby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

From "Marmion."

THE MINSTREL'S REPLY

ON BEING ASKED WHY HE DID NOT WANDER ABROAD THROUGH LANDS THAT WOULD BETTER REQUITE HIS SKILL

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

THE LAST DAY AT ASHBY

Morning arose in unclouded splendor, and ere the sun was much above the horizon, the idlest or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common, moving to the lists as to a general center, in order to secure a favorable situation for viewing the continuation of the expected games.

The marshals and their attendants appeared next on the field, together with the heralds, for the purpose of receiving the names of the knights who intended to joust, with the side which each chose to espouse. This was a necessary precaution, in order to secure equality betwixt the two bodies who should be opposed to each other.

According to due formality, the Disinherited Knight was to be considered as leader of the one body, while Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had been rated as having done second-best in the preceding

day, was named first champion of the other band. Those who had concurred in the challenge adhered to his party of course, excepting only Ralph de Vipont, whom his fall had rendered unfit so soon to put on his armor. There was no want of distinguished and noble candidates to fill up the ranks on either side.

In fact, although the general tournament, in which all knights fought at once, was more dangerous than single encounters, they were, nevertheless, more frequented and practiced by the chivalry of the age. Many knights, who had not sufficient confidence in their own skill to defy a single adversary of high reputation, were, nevertheless, desirous of displaying their valor in the general combat, where they might meet others with whom they were more upon an equality. On the present occasion, about fifty knights were inscribed as desirous of combating upon each side, when the marshals declared that no more could be admitted, to the disappointment of several who were too late in preferring their claim to be included.

About the hour of ten o'clock, the whole plain was crowded with horsemen, horsewomen, and foot-passengers, hastening to the tournament; and shortly after, a grand flourish of trumpets announced Prince John and his retinue, attended by many of those knights who meant to take share in the game, as well as others who had no such intention.

About the same time arrived Cedric the Saxon,

with the Lady Rowena, unattended, however, by Athelstane. This Saxon lord had arrayed his tall and strong person in armor, in order to take his place among the combatants; and, considerably to the surprise of Cedric, had chosen to enlist himself on the part of the Knight Templar. The Saxon, indeed, had remonstrated strongly with his friend upon the injudicious choice he had made of his party; but he had only received that sort of answer usually given by those who are more obstinate in following their own course than strong in justifying it.

His best, if not his only reason, for adhering to the party of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Athelstane had the prudence to keep to himself. Though his apathy of disposition prevented his taking any means to recommend himself to the Lady Rowena, he was, nevertheless, by no means insensible to her charms, and considered his union with her as a matter already fixed beyond doubt, by the assent of Cedric and her other friends. It had therefore been with smothered displeasure that the proud though indolent Lord of Coningsburgh beheld the victor of the preceding day select Rowena as the object of that honor which it became his privilege to confer. In order to punish him for a preference which seemed to interfere with his own suit, Athelstane, confident of his strength, and to whom his flatterers, at least, ascribed great skill in arms, had determined not only to deprive the Disinherited Knight of his powerful suc-

cor, but, if an opportunity should occur, to make him feel the weight of his battle-axe.

De Bracy, and other knights attached to Prince John, in obedience to a hint from him, had joined the party of the challengers, John being desirous to secure, if possible, the victory to that side. On the other hand, many other knights, both English and Norman, natives and strangers, took part against the challengers, the more readily that the opposite band was to be led by so distinguished a champion as the Disinherited Knight had approved himself.

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined Queen of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which sat well upon him when he was pleased to exhibit it, he rode forward to meet her, doffed his bonnet, and, alighting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle, while his followers uncovered at the same time, and one of the most distinguished dismounted to hold her palfrey.

"It is thus," said Prince John, "that we set the dutiful example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and are ourselves her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy. Ladies," he said, "attend your Queen, as you wish in your turn to be distinguished by like honors."

So saying, the Prince marshaled Rowena to the seat of honor opposite his own, while the fairest and most distinguished ladies present crowded after her

to obtain places as near as possible to their temporary sovereign.

No sooner was Rowena seated than a burst of music, half drowned by the shouts of the multitude, greeted her new dignity. Meantime, the sun shone fierce and bright upon the polished arms of the knights of either side who crowded the opposite extremities of the lists, and held eager conference together concerning the best mode of arranging their line of battle, and supporting the conflict.

The heralds then proclaimed silence until the laws of the tourney should be rehearsed. These were calculated in some degree to abate the dangers of the day; a precaution the more necessary as the conflict was to be maintained with sharp swords and pointed lances.

The champions were therefore prohibited to thrust with the sword, and were confined to striking. A knight, it was announced, might use a mace or battle-axe at pleasure, but the dagger was a prohibited weapon. A knight unhorsed might renew the fight on foot with any other on the opposite side in the same predicament; but mounted horsemen were in that case forbidden to assail him. When any knight could force his antagonist to the extremity of the lists, so as to touch the palisade with his person or arms, such opponent was obliged to yield himself vanquished, and his armor and horse were placed at the disposal of the conqueror. A knight

thus overcome was not permitted to take farther share in the combat. If any combatant was struck down, and unable to recover his feet, his squire or page might enter the lists, and drag his master out of the press; but in that case the knight was adjudged vanquished, and his arms and horse declared forfeited. The combat was to cease as soon as Prince John should throw down his leading staff, or truncheon; another precaution usually taken to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood by the too long endurance of a sport so desperate. Any knight breaking the rules of the tournament, or otherwise transgressing the rules of honorable chivalry, was liable to be stripped of his arms, and, having his shield reversed, to be placed in that posture astride upon the bars of the palisade, and exposed to public derision, in punishment of his unknightly conduct. Having announced these precautions, the heralds concluded with an exhortation to each good knight to do his duty, and to merit favor from the Queen of Beauty and of Love.

This proclamation having been made, the heralds withdrew to their stations. The knights, entering at either end of the lists in long procession, arranged themselves in a double file, precisely opposite to each other, the leader of each party being in the center of the foremost rank, — a post which he did not occupy until each had carefully arranged the ranks of his party, and stationed every one in his place.

It was a goodly, and at the same time an anxious sight, to behold so many gallant champions, mounted bravely and armed richly, stand ready prepared for an encounter so formidable, seated on their war-saddles like so many pillars of iron, and awaiting the signal of encounter with the same ardor as their generous steeds, which, by neighing and pawing the ground, gave signal of their impatience.

As yet the knights held their long lances upright, their bright points glancing to the sun, and the streamers with which they were decorated fluttering over the plumage of the helmets. Thus they remained while the marshals of the field surveyed their ranks with the utmost exactness, lest either party had more or fewer than the appointed number. The tale was found exactly complete. The marshals then withdrew from the lists, and William de Wyvil, with a voice of thunder, pronounced the signal words, *Laissez aller!*[1] The trumpets sounded as he spoke, the spears of the champions were at once lowered and placed in the rests, the spurs were dashed into the flanks of the horses, and the two foremost ranks of either party rushed upon each other in full gallop, and met in the middle of the lists with a shock, the sound of which was heard at a mile's distance. The rear rank of each party advanced at a slower pace to sustain the defeated, and follow up the success of the victors of their party.

[1] lā sâ zăl lâ′ (French), "Let go!"

The consequences of the encounter were not instantly seen, for the dust raised by the trampling of so many steeds darkened the air, and it was a minute ere the anxious spectators could see the fate of the encounter. When the fight became visible, half the knights on each side were dismounted, some by the dexterity of their adversary's lance, some by the superior weight and strength of opponents, which had borne down both horse and man, some lay stretched on earth as if never more to rise, some had already gained their feet, and were closing hand to hand with those of their antagonists who were in the same predicament, and several on both sides, who had received wounds by which they were disabled, were stopping their blood with their scarfs, and endeavoring to extricate themselves from the tumult. The mounted knights, whose lances had been almost all broken by the fury of the encounter, were now closely engaged with their swords, shouting their war-cries and exchanging buffets, as if honor and life depended on the issue of the combat.

The tumult was presently increased by the advance of the second rank on either side, which, acting as a reserve, now rushed on to aid their companions. The followers of Brian de Bois-Guilbert shouted, "*Ha! Beau-seant! Beau-seant!*[1] For the

[1] bō sax′, The well placed; i.e., the beautiful, the appropriate. The name of the banner of the Templars, and their war-cry. The banner was half white and half black, signifying their friendliness to Christians and their enmity to infidels.

Temple, For the Temple!" The opposite party shouted in answer, "*Desdichado! Desdichado!*"[1] which watchword they took from the motto upon their leader's shield.

The champions thus encountering each other with the utmost fury, and with alternate success, the tide of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern, now toward the northern extremity of the lists, as the one or the other party prevailed. Meantime the clang of the blows and the shouts of the combatants mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpets, and drowned the groans of those who fell, and lay rolling defenseless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armor of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and battle-axe. The gay plumage, shorn from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snowflakes. All that was beautiful and graceful in the martial array had disappeared, and what was now visible was only calculated to awake terror or compassion.

Yet such is the force of habit that not only the vulgar spectators, who are naturally attracted by sights of horror, but even the ladies of distinction, who crowded the galleries, saw the conflict with a thrilling interest certainly, but without a wish to withdraw their eyes from a sight so terrible. Here

[1] dĕs dī chä′ dō (Spanish), literally poverty-stricken, miserable; adopted by the unknown knight to signify that he had been disinherited.

and there, indeed, a fair cheek might turn pale, or a faint scream might be heard, as a lover, a brother, or a husband was struck from his horse. But, in general, the ladies around encouraged the combatants, not only by clapping their hands and waving their veils and kerchiefs, but even by exclaiming, "Brave lance! Good sword!" when any successful thrust or blow took place under their observation.

Such being the interest taken by the fair sex in this bloody game, that of the men is the more easily understood. It showed itself in loud acclamations upon every change of fortune, while all eyes were so riveted on the lists that the spectators seemed as if they themselves had dealt and received the blows which were there so freely bestowed. And between every pause was heard the voice of the heralds, exclaiming, "Fight on, brave knights; man dies, but glory lives! Fight on; death is better than defeat! Fight on, brave knights! for bright eyes behold your deeds!"

Amid the varied fortunes of the combat, the eyes of all endeavored to discover the leaders of each band, who, mingling in the thick of the fight, encouraged their companions both by voice and example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor did either Bois-Guilbert or the Disinherited Knight find in the ranks opposed to them a champion who could be termed their unquestioned match. They repeatedly endeavored to single out each other,

spurred by mutual animosity, and aware that the fall of either leader might be considered as decisive of victory. Such, however, was the crowd and confusion that during the earlier part of the conflict their efforts to meet were unavailing, and they were repeatedly separated by the eagerness of their followers, each of whom was anxious to win honor, by measuring his strength against the leader of the opposite party.

But when the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished, had been compelled to the extremity of the lists, or been otherwise rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, joined to rivalry of honor, could inspire. Such was the address of each in parrying and striking that the spectators broke forth into a unanimous and involuntary shout, expressive of their delight and admiration.

But at this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst; the gigantic arm of Front-de-Bœuf on the one flank, and the ponderous strength of Athelstane on the other, bearing down and dispersing those immediately exposed to them. Finding themselves freed from their immediate antagonists, it seems to have occurred to both these knights at the same instant that they would render the most decisive advantage to their party, by aiding

the Templar in his contest with his rival. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side, and the Saxon on the other. It was utterly impossible that the object of this unequal and unexpected assault could have sustained it, had he not been warned by a general cry from the spectators, who could not but take interest in one exposed to such disadvantage.

"Beware! beware! Sir Disinherited!" was shouted so universally that the knight became aware of his danger; and, striking a full blow at the Templar, he reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of Athelstane and Front-de-Bœuf. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides betwixt the object of their attack and the Templar, almost running their horses against each other ere they could stop their career. Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three pursued their united purpose of bearing to the earth the Disinherited Knight.

Nothing could have saved him, except the remarkable strength and activity of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day.

This stood him in the more stead as the horse of Bois-Guilbert was wounded, and those of Front-de-Bœuf and Athelstane were both tired with the weight of their gigantic masters, clad in complete armor,

and with the preceding exertions of the day. The masterly horsemanship of the Disinherited Knight, and the activity of the noble animal which he mounted, enabled him for a few minutes to keep at sword's point his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and rushing now against the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, without waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return.

But although the lists rang with the applauses of his dexterity, it was evident that he must at last be overpowered; and the nobles around Prince John implored him with one voice to throw down his warder, and to save so brave a knight from the disgrace of being overcome by odds.

"Not I, by the light of heaven!" answered Prince John; "this same springal, who conceals his name and despises our proffered hospitality, has already gained one prize, and may now afford to let others have their turn." As he spoke thus an unexpected incident changed the fortune of the day.

There was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armor, mounted on a black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto evinced very little

interest in the event of the fight, beating off with seeming ease those combatants who attacked him, but neither pursuing his advantages, nor himself assailing any one. In short, he had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators the name of *Le Noir Fainéant*,[1] or the Black Sluggard.

At once this knight seemed to throw aside his apathy, when he discovered the leader of his party so hard bestead; for, setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he came to his assistance like a thunderbolt, exclaiming in a voice like a trumpet-call, "*Desdichado!* to the rescue!" It was high time; for, while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front-de-Bœuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword, but ere the blow could descend, the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on the head which, glancing from the polished helmet, lighted with violence scarcely abated on the chamfron of the steed, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. *Le Noir Fainéant* then turned his horse upon Athelstane of Coningsburgh; and his own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front-de-Bœuf, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle-axe which he wielded, and, like one familiar with the use of the weapon,

[1] lĕ nwär fā nā aN′ (French).

bestowed him such a blow upon the crest that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, for which he was the more highly applauded that it was totally unexpected from him, the Knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as he best could with Brian de Bois-Guilbert. This was no longer matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had bled much, and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field, encumbered with the stirrup, from which he was unable to draw his foot. His antagonist sprung from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself; when Prince John, more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, saved him the mortification of confessing himself vanquished, by casting down his warder, and putting an end to the conflict.

It was, indeed, only the relics and embers of the fight which continued to burn; for of the few knights who still continued in the lists, the greater part had, by tacit consent, forborne the conflict for some time, leaving it to be determined by the strife of the leaders.

The squires, who had found it a matter of danger and difficulty to attend their masters during the

engagement, now thronged into the lists to pay their dutiful attendance to the wounded, who were removed with the utmost care and attention to the neighboring pavilions, or to the quarters prepared for them in the adjoining village.

Thus ended the memorable field of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, one of the most gallantly contested tournaments of that age; for although only four knights, including one who was smothered by the heat of his armor, had died upon the field, yet upwards of thirty were desperately wounded, four or five of whom never recovered. Several more were disabled for life; and those who escaped best carried the marks of the conflict to the grave with them. Hence it is always mentioned in the old records as the Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms of Ashby.

It being now the duty of Prince John to name the knight who had done best, he determined that the honor of the day remained with the knight whom the popular voice had termed *Le Noir Faineant.* It was pointed out to the Prince, in impeachment of this decree, that the victory had been in fact won by the Disinherited Knight, who, in the course of the day, had overcome six champions with his own hand, and who had finally unhorsed and struck down the leader of the opposite party. But Prince John adhered to his own opinion, on the ground that the Disinherited Knight and his party had lost the day but for the powerful assistance of the Knight of the

Black Armor, to whom, therefore, he persisted in awarding the prize.

To the surprise of all present, however, the knight thus preferred was nowhere to be found. He had left the lists immediately when the conflict ceased, and had been observed by some spectators to move down one of the forest glades with the same slow pace and listless and indifferent manner which had procured him the epithet of the Black Sluggard. After he had been summoned twice by sound of trumpet and proclamation of the heralds, it became necessary to name another to receive the honors which had been assigned to him. Prince John had now no farther excuse for resisting the claim of the Disinherited Knight, whom, therefore, he named the champion of the day.

Through a field slippery with blood, and encumbered with broken armor and the bodies of slain and wounded horses, the marshals of the lists again conducted the victor to the foot of Prince John's throne.

"Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since by that title only you will consent to be known to us, we a second time award to you the honors of this tournament, and announce to you your right to claim and receive from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty, the Chaplet of Honor which your valor has justly deserved." The Knight bowed low and gracefully, but returned no answer.

While the trumpets sounded, while the heralds

strained their voices in proclaiming honor to the brave and glory to the victor — while ladies waved their silken kerchiefs and embroidered veils, and while all ranks joined in a clamorous shout of exultation, the marshals conducted the Disinherited Knight across the lists to the foot of that throne of honor which was occupied by the Lady Rowena.

On the lower step of this throne the champion was made to kneel down. Indeed his whole action, since the fight had ended, seemed rather to have been upon the impulse of those around him than from his own free will; and it was observed that he tottered as they guided him a second time across the lists. Rowena, descending from her station with a graceful and dignified step, was about to place the chaplet which she held in her hand upon the helmet of the champion, when the marshals exclaimed with one voice, "It must not be thus — his head must be bare." The knight muttered faintly a few words, which were lost in the hollow of his helmet, but their purport seemed to be a desire that his casque might not be removed.

Whether from love of form, or from curiosity, the marshals paid no attention to his expressions of reluctance, but unhelmed him by cutting the laces of his casque, and undoing the fastening of his gorget. When the helmet was removed, the well-formed yet sun-burnt features of a young man of twenty-five were seen, amidst a profusion of short fair hair. His

countenance was as pale as death, and marked in one or two places with streaks of blood.

Rowena had no sooner beheld him than she uttered a faint shriek; but at once summoning up the energy of her disposition, and compelling herself, as it were, to proceed, while her frame yet trembled with the violence of sudden emotion, she placed upon the drooping head of the victor the splendid chaplet which was the destined reward of the day, and pronounced, in a clear and distinct tone, these words: "I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the meed of valor assigned to this day's victor." Here she paused a moment, and then firmly added, "And upon brows more worthy could a wreath of chivalry never be placed."

The knight stooped his head, and kissed the hand of the lovely sovereign by whom his valor had been rewarded; and then, sinking yet farther forward, lay prostrate at her feet.

There was a general consternation. Cedric, who had been struck mute by the sudden appearance of his banished son, now rushed forward, as if to separate him from Rowena. But this had been already accomplished by the marshals of the field, who, guessing the cause of Ivanhoe's swoon, had hastened to undo his armor, and found that the head of a lance had penetrated his breastplate and inflicted a wound in his side.

From "Ivanhoe."

Washington Irving

WASHINGTON IRVING

In the spring of 1789, the old Dutch city of New York was all a-flutter at having in its keeping the first President of the United States. One morning a Scotch nurse-maid followed the great man into a shop and, pointing to a small boy by her side, said proudly, "Please, your Honor, here's a bairn was named after you." The boy was little Washington Irving, the eleventh child of a merchant of the town. "General Washington," said Irving, telling the incident years afterward, "then turned his benevolent face full upon me, smiled, laid his hand on my head, and gave me his blessing. . . . I was but five years old, yet I can feel that hand upon my head even now." Irving must have forgotten for the moment that he was six years old at that time, not five; for he was born in the April of 1783. And, as the life of this boy turned out, it was not a little significant that the year of his birth was the year of our treaty of peace with England, and that he bore through life Washington's name and blessing.

The New York of those days was a small sociable city of old Dutch gabled houses and English colonial mansions. Here Washington Irving spent his happy-go-lucky boyhood. He did not like to study, and he did like books of adventure and the theater and hunting trips into that Sleepy Hollow that he has

pictured for us. The greatest event of his boyhood was a sail up the Hudson, all the way to Albany, in a packet sloop. It was a journey of many days, a far journey in those times, and slowly he sailed through the beautiful Highlands and right into the bewitchment of the Kaatskill mountains. What he saw, everyone who has read "Rip Van Winkle" knows.

Irving left school at sixteen to study law; but he had first a year's travel abroad. A man who had traveled was pointed out, in those days; so, when Irving — who had developed into a sound, handsome young man of most gracious manners and ready wit — returned to New York, he was drawn at once into its social life. He continued his law studies, though he had but little interest in them, and was admitted to the bar. He was more interested in writing for a newspaper a series of humorous articles on the social life of New York, and in conducting a humorous magazine. His first book was a delicious burlesque on the founders of the city and the social traditions they had left behind them. It gave Irving a reputation as an original writer and a humorist — both rare enough in this country in those serious days. The book was called "A History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker" — the said Diedrich being supposedly an old Dutch antiquarian, whose name Irving used again several times later to give his humorous writings a solemn touch of authenticity. While Irving was writing this book, occurred the

death of the young girl he had hoped to marry.

Suddenly he was called to England on business. He went, intending to stay a year; it was seventeen years before he came back. The Irving firm failed, and Irving took lodgings in London and set at authorship in earnest. His first book, sent back to his own country to be published, was "The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent." It was well-named, for it contained word pictures of scenes English and American. It delighted everyone. A noted artist wrote, "Geoffrey Crayon is the most fashionable fellow of the day." Irving had already been welcomed by Scott at Abbotsford; and now Scott, in his generous fashion, did his utmost to further Irving's fame and help him business-wise. Later, Irving was induced to go to Spain to translate a new collection of papers relating to Columbus. He decided to write, instead, a "Life of Columbus" based on this material; and growing more and more interested in Spain, he wrote the story of the Moorish conquest — "The Conquest of Granada" and "The Alhambra." He even lodged in that grand old Moorish palace.

A great English novelist of Irving's day has told us what impression he made abroad, and how he was welcomed here on his return. Thackeray's tribute comes from the very England that had felt the rancor of two defeats at the hands of Irving's countrymen. But could it have said more? There is little more to be said here of the course of Irving's life. He

bought a little Dutch cottage "all made up of gable ends and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat," at Tarrytown, just above New York, on the Hudson, and named it "Sunnyside"; and about it he planted ivy brought from Melrose Abbey near Scott's home. Except for a year spent in traveling over the prairies and into the far West with the Commissioner for the Indians, and the four years during which he represented his country as Minister to Spain, he lived quietly at "Sunnyside." He had written many books of stories and sketches, and his last crowning work, which he undertook almost as a sacred duty, was a "Life of Washington."

A FIRST AMBASSADOR

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Almost the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time.[1] One was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost

[1] Washington Irving died, November 28, 1859; Lord Macaulay died, December 28, 1859.

with the republic; the *pater patriæ*[1] had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name: he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling goodwill. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did: to inflame national rancors, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed; to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new; to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind

[1] pā′tĕr pā′trĭ ē (Latin), father of his country; so the ancient Romans called certain of their leaders.

of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of goodwill and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindliness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect (I have found American writers, of world-wide reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went

home medaled by the king, diplomatized by the University, crowned and honored and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honors, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancor and fierceness against individuals which exceed British virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hand from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honored and welcome. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one. I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place, whilst his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small,

when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after-life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms, because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told — I saw two of these ladies at his house — with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labor and genius.

"*Be a good man, my dear.*" One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly suc-

cess, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying: in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life: — I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting; but Irving was in our service as well as theirs; and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot,[1] who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

From "Nil Nisi Bonum."

[1] bĕl lō′, a Frenchman who joined a British Arctic expedition.

LETTER TO PETER IRVING

ABBOTSFORD, Sept. 1, 1817.

My dear Brother:

I have barely time to scrawl a line before the gossoon goes off with the letters to the neighboring postoffice. . . .

On Friday, in spite of sullen, gloomy weather, I mounted the top of the mail coach, and rattled off to Selkirk. It rained heavily in the course of the afternoon, and drove me inside. On Saturday morning early I took chaise for Melrose; and on the way stopped at the gate of Abbotsford, and sent in my letter of introduction, with a request to know whether it would be agreeable for Mr. Scott to receive a visit from me in the course of the day. The glorious old minstrel himself came limping to the gate, took me by the hand in a way that made me feel as if we were old friends; in a moment I was seated at his hospitable board among his charming little family, and here have I been ever since. I had intended certainly being back to Edinburgh to-day (Monday), but Mr. Scott wishes me to stay until Wednesday, that we may make excursions to Dryburgh Abbey, Yarrow, etc., as the weather has held up and the sun begins to shine. I cannot tell how truly I have enjoyed the hours I have passed here. They fly by

too quick, yet each is loaded with story, incident, or song; and when I consider the world of ideas, images, and impressions that have been crowded upon my mind since I have been here, it seems incredible that I should only have been two days at Abbotsford. I have rambled about the hills with Scott; visited the haunts of Thomas the Rhymer, and other spots rendered classic by Border tale and witching song, and have been in a kind of dream or delirium.

As to Scott, I cannot express my delight at his character and manners. He is a sterling golden-hearted old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth, with an imagination continually furnishing forth picture, and a charming simplicity of manner that puts you at ease with him in a moment. It has been a constant source of pleasure to me to remark his deportment towards his family, his neighbors, his domestics, his very dogs and cats; everything that comes within his influence seems to catch a beam of that sunshine that plays round his heart; but I shall say more of him hereafter, for he is a theme on which I shall love to dwell. . . .

Your affectionate brother,

W. I.

P. S. — This morning we ride to Dryburgh Abbey and see also the old Earl of Buchan — who, you know, is a queer one.

RIP VAN WINKLE

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is

a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain

lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging

through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone-fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the

habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye,

as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods — but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How sol-

emnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the as-

semblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution.

"Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a

mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously

in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing

through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with

From the drawing by Richard Creifelds *By courtesy of Dodd, Mead and Company*

AT LENGTH HIS SENSES WERE OVERPOWERED, HIS EYES SWAM IN HIS HEAD

The picture shows the scene as it was presented on the stage by the great comedian Joseph Jefferson, who first acted Rip Van Winkle.

roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the

draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze.

"Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone party at ninepins — the flagon —

"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip — "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun; but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the

echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity.

"These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle."

With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip

was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very

village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows, — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed —

"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed —

"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This deso-

lateness overcame all his connubial fears — he called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked

in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — elections — members of congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating,

as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they? — name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, —

"Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: —

"Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of

Stony Point — others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where 's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — Congress — Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, —

"Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that 's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I 'm not myself — I 'm somebody else — that 's me yonder — no — that 's somebody else got into my

shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they 've changed my gun, and everything 's changed, and I 'm changed, and I can't tell what 's my name, or who I am ! "

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry.

" Hush, Rip," cried she, " hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you."

The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

" What is your name, my good woman ? " asked he.

" Judith Gardenier."

" And your father's name ? "

" Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it 's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since, — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; and he put it with a faltering voice: —

"Where 's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms.

"I am your father!" cried he — "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, —

"Sure enough it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor — Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb

upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war — that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England — and that, instead of being a subject of His Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was — petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in

and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

In "The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent."

J. Fenimore Cooper

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

When James Fenimore Cooper was a boy, he lived in Cooperstown, New York, the little village on Otsego Lake, which his father founded in 1790. The town, which consisted of only a few houses besides Mr. Cooper's stately homestead, "Otsego Hall," was surrounded by a vast forest that stretched for miles on every side. Wildcats, wolves, and bears roamed among the trees, and savage Indians crept through the dark shadows of the woods. Sometimes word would be brought to the village that the Indians were coming; then heavy shutters would be put up and guns kept ready, while everyone stayed close at home. The Indians never really attacked the town, but the alarms continued for many years. Young Jim Cooper was a born woodsman himself. He was a good swimmer and skater, too, and had no match for swiftness and endurance in a foot-race. He was not very studious, although, when he was sent to school in Albany, he learned easily and made good progress. He entered Yale College when he was only thirteen years old, but was dismissed in his Junior year because of some boyish escapade. He was delighted when his father told him that he might learn to be a sailor, so that he could enter the navy; and he spent a year before

the mast in the merchant marine, and three years in the navy as midshipman and then lieutenant.

When Cooper married, he resigned his commission, perhaps a little unwillingly, for he was fond of the sea-faring life. Nevertheless, he enjoyed taking care of the great tracts of land that his father had left him; he drained the swamps, cleared the woodlands, and built fences and granaries.

So he lived quietly until he was thirty years old. One day he was reading to his wife an English novel. It did not please him, and suddenly he laid down the book, and said, "I believe I could write as good a story as that myself."

"Why don't you do it?" said his wife. "There is no harm in trying."

And so the impulsive man set to work upon a novel. It was more or less like the English novels of that day, and it was not so very good, and not at all like the books that he wrote later; but it was at least good enough to please his friends, who begged him to write another. The next story was one that has been read ever since. It is called "The Spy." The scene is the Hudson River Valley during the Revolution; and Harvey Birch, the hero, was copied after a real person (with a different name) who, as a Colonial spy, had performed many fearless acts. We have had so many stories of the Revolution since, that it is not easy to imagine the time when such a story was entirely new. People were delighted with

the book. They soon began to call Cooper "The American Scott" — an epithet that he never liked, although he was willing to admit that he had learned from Scott's novels how to write a story of adventure. The best thing about both Cooper and Scott is that each wrote of his own land, that he loved best and knew most about.

Cooper now tried to make a story out of the life of the pioneer and the hunter and the Indian. This was daring, for in those early days no one thought that backwoods America was worth writing about. But the wonderful success of Cooper's novels proved that America was as interesting in a story as was any country in Europe. When "The Last of the Mohicans" appeared, Cooper's fame was established beyond dispute; and his chiefs and leather-stockinged huntsmen became as well known as any characters of history. Charles Lamb, about this time being asked his opinion of some American writings, remarked, "I don't know much of American authors. Mary, there, devours Cooper's novels with a ravenous appetite."

Scott had written "The Pirate," — anonymously, like the other Waverley novels; and, in the general guessing over the authorship, it had been said that Scott could not have written it, because no landsman could show such knowledge of sailor life. But to Cooper, a sailor himself, the book seemed plainly to have been written by one who got his knowledge

of the sea second-hand. And to prove his point, he wrote a sea-tale himself — "The Pilot." This was his first of many such; and, in time, he wrote, besides, the first history of our navy.

During Cooper's middle life, he lived in New York, which was the literary center of those days — the haunt of Bryant and Irving and Poe. Cooper was a very sensitive man, and very quick to resent unkind criticism. He did not stop to think that there are always thoughtless and ill-natured persons ready to criticize every public man, and that it is generally best to pay no attention to them. Instead, he became angry and replied by means of letters in the newspapers; and so, little by little, he was drawn into a long series of quarrels and libel suits. He acted as his own lawyer, and he generally won his case. But the wrangling embittered his life and deeply grieved his friends; they loved him for his rugged honesty and other bluff and hearty traits.

However, in his last days he came to a happier state of mind and lived quietly at Cooperstown. His books had been translated into many languages, and from every part of the world came praise for the author. It was praise well deserved, for Cooper had done an original thing, and had done it so well that no one since has taken the place in our affections of his Natty Leatherstocking, the famous guide and hunter; or Uncas, the brave Mohican; or the rest of that host of true Americans.

THE JUDGMENT OF REED-THAT-BENDS

A low but fearful sound arose from the forest, and was immediately succeeded by a high, shrill yell, that was drawn out, until it equaled the longest and most plaintive howl of the wolf. The sudden and terrible interruption caused Duncan to start from his seat, unconscious of everything but the effect produced by so frightful a cry. At the same moment, the warriors glided in a body from the lodge, and the outer air was filled with loud shouts, that nearly drowned those awful sounds, which were still ringing beneath the arches of the woods. Unable to command himself any longer, the youth broke from the place, and presently stood in the center of a disorderly throng, that included nearly everything having life, within the limits of the encampment. Men, women, and children; the aged, the infirm, the active, and the strong, were alike abroad; some exclaiming aloud, others clapping their hands with a joy that seemed frantic, and all expressing their savage pleasure in some unexpected event. Though astounded, at first, by the uproar, Heyward was soon enabled to find its solution by the scene that followed.

There yet lingered sufficient light in the heavens to exhibit those bright openings among the tree-tops,

where different paths left the clearing to enter the depths of the wilderness. Beneath one of them, a line of warriors issued from the woods, and advanced slowly towards the dwellings. One in front bore a short pole, on which, as it afterwards appeared, were suspended several human scalps. The startling sounds that Duncan had heard were what the whites have not inappropriately called the "death-halloo"; and each repetition of the cry was intended to announce to the tribe the fate of an enemy. Thus far the knowledge of Heyward assisted him in the explanation; and as he now knew that the interruption was caused by the unlooked-for return of a successful war-party, every disagreeable sensation was quieted in inward congratulation, for the opportune relief and insignificance it conferred on himself.

When at the distance of a few hundred feet from the lodges, the newly arrived warriors halted. Their plaintive and terrific cry, which was intended to represent equally the wailings of the dead and the triumph of the victors, had entirely ceased. One of their number now called aloud, in words that were far from appalling, though not more intelligible to those for whose ears they were intended than their expressive yells. It would be difficult to convey a suitable idea of the savage ecstasy with which the news thus imparted was received The whole encampment, in a moment, became a scene of the most violent bustle and commotion. The warriors

drew their knives, and, flourishing them, they arranged themselves in two lines, forming a lane that extended from the war-party to the lodges. The squaws seized clubs, axes, or whatever weapon of offense first offered itself to their hands, and rushed eagerly to act their part in the cruel game that was at hand. Even the children would not be excluded; but boys, little able to wield the instruments, tore the tomahawks from the belts of their fathers, and stole into the ranks, apt imitators of the savage traits exhibited by their parents.

Large piles of brush lay scattered about the clearing, and a wary and aged squaw was occupied in firing as many as might serve to light the coming exhibition. As the flame arose, its power exceeded that of the parting day, and assisted to render objects at the same time more distinct and more hideous. The whole scene formed a striking picture, whose frame was composed of the dark and tall border of pines. The warriors just arrived were the most distant figures. A little in advance stood two men, who were apparently selected from the rest, as the principal actors in what was to follow. The light was not strong enough to render their features distinct, though it was quite evident that they were governed by very different emotions. While one stood erect and firm, prepared to meet his fate like a hero, the other bowed his head, as if palsied by terror or stricken with shame. The high-spirited Duncan felt

a powerful impulse of admiration and pity toward the former, though no opportunity could offer to exhibit his generous emotions. He watched his slightest movement, however, with eager eyes; and as he traced the fine outline of his admirably proportioned and active frame, he endeavored to persuade himself that if the powers of man, seconded by such noble resolution, could bear one harmless through so severe a trial, the youthful captive before him might hope for success in the hazardous race he was about to run. Insensibly the young man drew nigher to the swarthy lines of the Hurons, and scarcely breathed, so intense became his interest in the spectacle. Just then the signal yell was given, and the momentary quiet which had preceded it was broken by a burst of cries that far exceeded any before heard. The most abject of the two victims continued motionless; but the other bounded from the place at the cry, with the activity and swiftness of a deer. Instead of rushing through the hostile lines, as had been expected, he just entered the dangerous defile and, before time was given for a single blow, turned short, and leaping the heads of a row of children, he gained at once the exterior and safer side of the formidable array. The artifice was answered by a hundred voices raised in imprecations; and the whole of the excited multitude broke from their order, and spread themselves about the place in wild confusion.

A dozen blazing piles now shed their lurid brightness on the place, which resembled some unhallowed and supernatural arena, in which malicious demons had assembled to act their bloody and lawless rites. The forms in the background looked like unearthly beings, gliding before the eye, and cleaving the air with frantic and unmeaning gestures; while the savage passions of such as passed the flames were rendered fearfully distinct by the gleams that shot athwart their inflamed visages.

It will easily be understood that, amid such a concourse of vindictive enemies, no breathing time was allowed the fugitive. There was a single moment when it seemed as if he would have reached the forest, but the whole body of his captors threw themselves before him, and drove him back into the center of his relentless persecutors. Turning like a headed deer, he shot, with the swiftness of an arrow, through a pillar of forked flame, and passing the whole multitude harmless, he appeared on the opposite side of the clearing. Here, too, he was met and turned by a few of the older and more subtle of the Hurons. Once more he tried the throng, as if seeking safety in its blindness, and then several moments succeeded, during which Duncan believed the active and courageous young stranger was lost.

Nothing could be distinguished but a dark mass of human forms tossed and involved in inextricable confusion. Arms, gleaming knives, and formidable clubs

appeared above them, but the blows were evidently given at random. The awful effect was heightened by the piercing shrieks of the women and the fierce yells of the warriors. Now and then Duncan caught a glimpse of a light form cleaving the air in some desperate bound, and he rather hoped than believed that the captive yet retained the command of his astonishing powers of activity. Suddenly the multitude rolled backward, and approached the spot where he himself stood. The heavy body in the rear pressed upon the women and children in front, and bore them to the earth. The stranger reappeared in the confusion. Human power could not, however, much longer endure so severe a trial. Of this the captive seemed conscious. Profiting by the momentary opening, he darted from among the warriors, and made a desperate, and what seemed to Duncan a final effort to gain the wood. As if aware that no danger was to be apprehended from the young soldier, the fugitive nearly brushed his person in his flight. A tall and powerful Huron, who had husbanded his forces, pressed close upon his heels, and with an uplifted arm menaced a fatal blow. Duncan thrust forth a foot, and the shock precipitated the eager savage headlong, many feet in advance of his intended victim. Thought itself is not quicker than was the motion with which the latter profited by the advantage; he turned, gleamed like a meteor again before the eyes of Duncan, and

at the next moment, when the latter recovered his recollection, and gazed around in quest of the captive, he saw him quietly leaning against a small painted post, which stood before the door of the principal lodge.

Apprehensive that the part he had taken in the escape might prove fatal to himself, Duncan left the place without delay. He followed the crowd, which drew nigh the lodges, gloomy and sullen, like any other multitude that had been disappointed in an execution. Curiosity, or perhaps a better feeling, induced him to approach the stranger. He found him standing with one arm cast about the protecting post, and breathing thick and hard, after his exertions, but disdaining to permit a single sign of suffering to escape. His person was now protected by immemorial and sacred usage, until the tribe in council had deliberated and determined on his fate. It was not difficult, however, to foretell the result, if any presage could be drawn from the feelings of those who crowded the place.

There was no term of abuse known to the Huron vocabulary that the disappointed women did not lavishly expend on the successful stranger. They flouted at his efforts, and told him, with bitter scoffs, that his feet were better than his hands; and that he merited wings, while he knew not the use of an arrow or a knife. To all this the captive made no reply, but was content to preserve an atti-

tude in which dignity was singularly blended with disdain. Exasperated as much by his composure as by his good-fortune, their words became unintelligible, and were succeeded by shrill, piercing yells. Just then the crafty squaw, who had taken the necessary precaution to fire the piles, made her way through the throng, and cleared a place for herself in front of the captive. The squalid and withered person of this hag might well have obtained for her the character of possessing more than human cunning. Throwing back her light vestment, she stretched forth her long skinny arm, in derision, and using the language of the Lenape, as more intelligible to the subject of her gibes, she commenced aloud,—

"Look you, Delaware!" she said, snapping her fingers in his face; "your nation is a race of women, and the hoe is better fitted to your hands than the gun. Your squaws are the mothers of deer; but if a bear, or a wild cat, or a serpent were born among you, ye would flee. The Huron girls shall make you petticoats, and we will find you a husband."

A burst of savage laughter succeeded this attack, during which the soft and musical merriment of the younger females strangely chimed with the cracked voice of their older and more malignant companion. But the stranger was superior to all their efforts. His head was immovable; nor did he betray the slightest consciousness that any were present,

except when his haughty eye rolled towards the dusky forms of the warriors, who stalked in the background, silent and sullen observers of the scene.

Infuriated at the self-command of the captive, the woman placed her arms akimbo, and throwing herself into a posture of defiance, she broke out anew, in a torrent of words that no art of ours could commit successfully to paper. Her breath was, however, expended in vain; for, although distinguished in her nation as a proficient in the art of abuse, she was permitted to work herself into such a fury as actually to foam at the mouth, without causing a muscle to vibrate in the motionless figure of the stranger. The effect of his indifference began to extend itself to the other spectators; and a youngster, who was just quitting the condition of a boy, to enter the state of manhood, attempted to assist the termagant, by flourishing his tomahawk before their victim, and adding his empty boasts to the taunts of the woman. Then, indeed, the captive turned his face towards the light, and looked down on the stripling with an expression that was superior to contempt. At the next moment he resumed his quiet and reclining attitude against the post. But the change of posture had permitted Duncan to exchange glances with the firm and piercing eyes of Uncas.

Breathless with amazement, and heavily oppressed with the critical situation of his friend, Heyward

recoiled before the look, trembling lest its meaning might, in some unknown manner, hasten the prisoner's fate. There was not, however, any instant cause for such an apprehension. Just then a warrior forced his way into the exasperated crowd. Motioning the women and children aside with a stern gesture, he took Uncas by the arm, and led him towards the door of the council lodge. Thither all the chiefs, and most of the distinguished warriors, followed; among whom the anxious Heyward found means to enter without attracting any dangerous attention to himself.

A few minutes were consumed in disposing of those present in a manner suitable to their rank and influence in the tribe. An order very similar to that adopted in the preceding interview was observed; the aged and superior chiefs occupying the area of the spacious apartment, within the powerful light of a glaring torch, while their juniors and inferiors were arranged in the background, presenting a dark outline of swarthy and marked visages. In the very center of the lodge, immediately under an opening that admitted the twinkling light of one or two stars, stood Uncas, calm, elevated, and collected. His high and haughty carriage was not lost on his captors, who often bent their looks on his person, with eyes which, while they lost none of their inflexibility of purpose, plainly betrayed their admiration of the stranger's daring.

The case was different with the individual whom Duncan had observed to stand forth with his friend, previously to the desperate trial of speed; and who, instead of joining in the chase, had remained, throughout its turbulent uproar, like a cringing statue, expressive of shame and disgrace. Though not a hand had been extended to greet him, nor yet an eye had condescended to watch his movements, he had also entered the lodge, as though impelled by a fate to whose decrees he submitted, seemingly, without a struggle. Heyward profited by the first opportunity to gaze in his face, secretly apprehensive he might find the features of another acquaintance; but they proved to be those of a stranger, and, what was still more inexplicable, of one who bore all the distinctive marks of a Huron warrior. Instead of mingling with his tribe, however, he sat apart, a solitary being in a multitude, his form shrinking into a crouching and abject attitude, as if anxious to fill as little space as possible. When each individual had taken his proper station, and silence reigned in the place, the gray-haired chief already introduced to the reader, spoke aloud, in the language of the Lenni Lenape.

"Delaware," he said, "though one of a nation of women, you have proved yourself a man. I would give you food; but he who eats with a Huron should become his friend. Rest in peace till the morning sun, when our last words shall be spoken."

"Seven nights, and as many summer days, have I fasted on the trail of the Hurons," Uncas coldly replied; "the children of the Lenape know how to travel the path of the just without lingering to eat."

"Two of my young men are in pursuit of your companion," resumed the other, without appearing to regard the boast of his captive; "when they get back, then will our wise men say to you 'live' or 'die.'"

"Has a Huron no ears?" scornfully exclaimed Uncas; "twice, since he has been your prisoner, has the Delaware heard a gun that he knows. Your young men will never come back!"

A short and sullen pause succeeded this bold assertion. Duncan, who understood the Mohican to allude to the fatal rifle of the scout, bent forward in earnest observation of the effect it might produce on the conquerors; but the chief was content with simply retorting, —

"If the Lenape are so skillful, why is one of their bravest warriors here?"

"He followed in the steps of a flying coward, and fell into a snare. The cunning beaver may be caught."

As Uncas thus replied, he pointed with his finger towards the solitary Huron, but without deigning to bestow any other notice on so unworthy an object. The words of the answer and the air of the speaker produced a strong sensation among his

auditors. Every eye rolled sullenly towards the individual indicated by the simple gesture, and a low, threatening murmur passed through the crowd. The ominous sounds reached the outer door; and the women and children pressing into the throng, no gap had been left, between shoulder and shoulder, that was not now filled with the dark lineaments of some eager and curious human countenance.

In the mean time, the more aged chiefs, in the center, communed with each other in short and broken sentences. Not a word was uttered that did not convey the meaning of the speaker, in the simplest and most energetic form. Again, a long and deeply solemn pause took place. It was known, by all present, to be the grave precursor of a weighty and important judgment. They who composed the outer circle of faces were on tiptoe to gaze; and even the culprit for an instant forgot his shame in a deeper emotion, and exposed his abject features, in order to cast an anxious and troubled glance at the dark assemblage of chiefs. The silence was finally broken by the aged warrior so often named. He arose from the earth, and moving past the immovable form of Uncas, placed himself in a dignified attitude before the offender. At that moment, the withered squaw already mentioned moved into the circle, in a slow, sideling sort of a dance, holding the torch, and muttering the indistinct words of what might have been a species of incantation. Though

her presence was altogether an intrusion, it was unheeded.

Approaching Uncas, she held the blazing brand in such a manner as to cast its red glare on his person, and to expose the slightest emotion of his countenance. The Mohican maintained his firm and haughty attitude; and his eye, so far from deigning to meet her inquisitive look, dwelt steadily on the distance, as though it penetrated the obstacles which impeded the view, and looked into futurity. Satisfied with her examination, she left him, with a slight expression of pleasure, and proceeded to practice the same trying experiment on her delinquent countryman.

The young Huron was in his war paint, and very little of a finely molded form was concealed by his attire. The light rendered every limb and joint discernible, and Duncan turned away in horror when he saw they were writhing in irrepressible agony. The woman was commencing a low and plaintive howl at the sad and shameful spectacle, when the chief put forth his hand and gently pushed her aside.

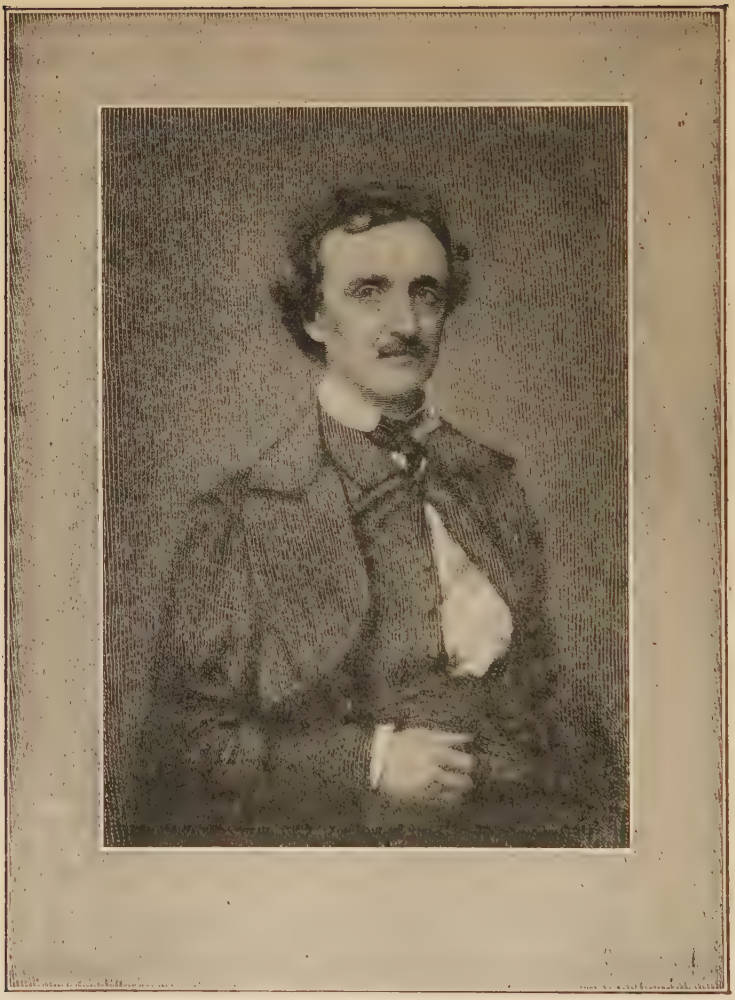
"Reed-that-bends," he said, addressing the young culprit by name, and in his proper language, "though the Great Spirit has made you pleasant to the eyes, it would have been better that you had not been born. Your tongue is loud in the village, but in battle it is still. None of my young men strike the tomahawk deeper into the war-post — none of

them so lightly on the Yengeese. The enemy know the shape of your back, but they have never seen the color of your eyes. Three times have they called on you to come, and as often did you forget to answer. Your name will never be mentioned again in your tribe — it is already forgotten."

As the chief slowly uttered these words, pausing impressively after each sentence, the culprit raised his face, in deference to the other's rank and years. Shame, horror, and pride struggled in its lineaments. His eye, which was contracted with inward anguish, gleamed on the persons of those whose breath was his fame; and the latter emotion for an instant predominated. He arose to his feet and, baring his bosom, looked steadily on the keen, glittering knife, that was already upheld by his inexorable judge. As the weapon passed slowly into his heart he even smiled, as if in joy at having found death less dreadful than he had anticipated, and fell heavily on his face, at the feet of the rigid and unyielding form of Uncas.

The squaw gave a loud and plaintive yell, dashed the torch to the earth, and buried everything in darkness. The whole shuddering group of spectators glided from the lodge, like troubled sprites; and Duncan thought that he and the yet throbbing body of the victim of an Indian judgment had now become its only tenants.

From "The Last of the Mohicans."



Edgar A Poe

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Edgar Allan Poe was a very small boy when his mother, an actress, died in Richmond, Virginia, and left him to the care of strangers. Mr. and Mrs. Allan, kind and prosperous people, adopted the forlorn little orphan, so that he found himself transferred, as if in a fairy tale, from poverty and loneliness to good fortune and affection. The Allans took him to England, where he spent five years at school. On his return to Richmond, he studied hard in order to enter the University of Virginia, which had just been opened through the efforts of Thomas Jefferson. His college life was not altogether profitable, however, for he grew rash and careless and did not apply himself to his work. This unwise behavior caused a break in his happy relations with the Allans; and after a year or two in the army, he went to live with some relatives in Baltimore — his father's sister, Mrs. Clemm, and her young daughter, Virginia.

He was uncertain what he could do to earn his way in the world, when a bit of luck pointed it out to him. A Baltimore newspaper offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best short story submitted. Poe won the prize; and his story — a tale of terrible adventure, called "A Manuscript Found in a Bottle" — brought him more than money: it made him acquainted with one of the judges, who

helped him to get employment with a magazine, "The Southern Literary Messenger," just established in Richmond.

Poe seemed now to have a start in life; but — it is hard to say why — he did not make the most of his opportunities. The story of his short life — he died when he was only forty — is a sad one, for he was always poor and often miserable. He held good editorial positions in Richmond, Philadelphia, and New York, but he did not keep any of them long. For years he was constantly changing from one magazine office to another. He was brilliant and often industrious, but his sensitive nature led him to imagine slights where none were intended, so that more than once he lost his position because of foolish misunderstandings. Then, too, he was different from other people, and his business associates found it difficult to see his best qualities. But doubtless his own moodiness and irregular habits had the most to do with his troubles. In spite of his misfortunes and his faults, there were two people who always understood him, and with whom he could be happy — his girl wife, Virginia, and Mrs. Clemm. The tiny cottage at Fordham, just outside of New York City, where for some years Poe and his family lived, was a refuge for the disappointed man when all the rest of the world seemed full of gloom and disaster, and the only beautiful part of his life, perhaps, is his loyalty to these two friends.

Whether he was engaged in other work or not, he kept on writing stories and poems, which he sold wherever he could, sometimes for very small sums. His detective stories, "The Purloined Letter," "The Mystery of Marie Rôget," and others, were widely read and frequently imitated. Most of his tales — "The Cask of Amontillado," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Black Cat," "The Pit and the Pendulum," "The Tell-tale Heart," in particular — are weird and gruesome accounts of dreadful experiences. They are remarkable for their originality, their utter difference from the things of ordinary life; and they are important for yet another reason.

Up to this time, story-tellers had told their tales in a chatty, rambling, loitering way, taking little pains to hold the reader in suspense as to the outcome. Poe saw how a story could be constructed much more effectively. He planned his incidents so that one should follow another naturally and rapidly, and so that all should lead up to a climax in which the reader would be keenly excited to see how things were going to turn out. The "Descent into the Maelstrom" shows how skillfully he could make his story move on from point to point, gaining force as it goes, until the climax is reached. You find, do you not, that every occurrence is the natural result of some one that precedes it? and that every act mentioned is the definite cause of some act farther on in the story? There is nothing said that is use-

less — nothing but what is necessary to show the course of the action. But everything that is necessary is said; every happening is accounted for. It was Poe's power in constructing a story in this logical, straightforward, economical way, with the end definitely in mind from the very start, that made him a new figure among writers. Those who came after learned of him, and since his death he has been acknowledged the first real master of the short story.

Poe wrote but little verse, but that little we do not forget. He knew how to choose beautiful sounds and blend them into perfect music. "The Raven" shows you his marvelous skill with words. He used sometimes to recite this strange poem, and those who heard him have spoken of him with wonder. His dark, handsome face, with its glowing black eyes, — his fine, clear voice, rolling forth the long lines and the mournful refrain of "Nevermore," made his hearers feel that the poem and the poet belonged to a mysterious world that the ordinary person could only dimly understand. But there is really no mystery about "The Raven." Poe himself, in a little essay called "The Philosophy of Composition," explained how he constructed it, as carefully as one would build a house, stone on stone, with the design in mind from the first. Part of it is comedy, and should be read so. All of it is beauty; but it is quite as logical as any tale he ever wrote.

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burden, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you. The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward. There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater abundance; so that we often got in a single day what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week. In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation — the risk of life standing instead of labor, and courage answering for capital.

"We kept the smack in a cove about five miles higher up the coast than this; and it was our practice in fine weather to take advantage of the fifteen minutes' slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoe-strom, far above the pool, and then drop

down upon anchorage somewhere near Otterholm or Sandflesen, where the eddies are not so violent as elsewhere. Here we used to remain until nearly time for slack water again, when we weighed and made for home. We never set out upon this expedition without a side wind for going and coming, — one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return, — and we seldom made a miscalculation upon this point. . . .

"I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered 'on the ground,' — it is a bad spot to be in, even in good weather, — but we made shift always to run the gantlet of the Moskoestrom itself without accident, although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack. The wind sometimes was not as strong as we thought it at starting, and then we made rather less way than we could wish, while the current rendered the smack unmanageable. My eldest brother had a son eighteen years old, and I had two stout boys of my own. These would have been of great assistance at such times in using the sweeps, as well as afterward in fishing; but, somehow, although we ran the risk ourselves, we had not the heart to let the young ones get into the danger, for, after all said and done, it *was* a horrible danger, and that is the truth.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the

tenth of July, 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget, for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the southwest, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us — my two brothers and myself — had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock, P.M., and soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven *by my watch* when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Strom at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual, — something that had never happened to us before, — and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with

a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the mean time the breeze that had headed us off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us; in less than two the sky was entirely overcast; and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but, at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off, — the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Strom, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once, for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part,

as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this, — which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done, — for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard; but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror, for he put his mouth close to my ear and screamed out the word '*Moskoe-strom!*'

"No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot, as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough, — I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for

the whirl of the Strom, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that, in crossing the Strom *channel*, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack; but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack, — there is some little hope in that,' — but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much as we scudded before it; but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky, — as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep, bright blue, — and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a luster that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness — but, oh God, what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother, but, in some manner in which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not

make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say *listen!*

"At first I could not make out what he meant, but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it away far into the ocean. *It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Strom was in full fury!*

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep-laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her, — which appears very strange to a landsman, — and this is what is called *riding*, in sea phrase.

"Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose — up — up — as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around, — and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoestrom whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead

ahead, but no more like the every-day Moskoe-strom than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognized the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek, — such a sound as you might imagine given out by the water-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf which always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss, down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed

than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting, but what I tell you is truth, — I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity, and I have often thought since that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation; for, as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never

been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances, just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act, although I knew he was a madman when he did it, — a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all, so I let

him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing, for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel, — only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them, — while I expected instant destruction, and I wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming

and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds, which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel, — that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water; but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmans say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity.

This mist or spray was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel as they all met together at the bottom; but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us to a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept, — not with any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow but very perceptible.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch with a strange interest the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious; for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their sev-

eral descents toward the foam below. 'This fir-tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears'; and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all, this fact — the fact of my invariable miscalculation — set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-strom. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way, — so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters, — but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed*, — that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or from some reason had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case

might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might be thus whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical and the other *of any other shape*, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me — although I have forgotten the explanation — how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments, and showed me how it happened that a cylinder swimming in a vortex offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty, than an equally bulky body of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was that, at every revolution, we passed

something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel; while many of these things, which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water-cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design; but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale, — as you see that I *did* escape, and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have farther to say, — I will bring my story quickly

to conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momently less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees, the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-strom *had been*. It was the hour of the slack, but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Strom, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up — exhausted from fatigue — and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions, but they knew me no more than

they would have known a traveler from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say, too, that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story; they did not believe it. I now tell it to you, and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden."

From "A Descent into the Maelstrom."

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore, —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door —
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore'—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door —
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; —
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened
wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there
wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared
to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave
no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered
word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word, "Lenore?"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within
me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than
before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my
window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery
explore;—
'T is the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days
of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute
stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door —
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my cham-
ber door —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance
it wore, —
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I
said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from
the Nightly shore:
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's
Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-
course so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy
bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door —
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,
spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then
he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends
have flown before;
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have
flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock
and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerci-
ful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one
burden bore —

Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never — nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the
tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by
these angels he hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories
of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this
lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

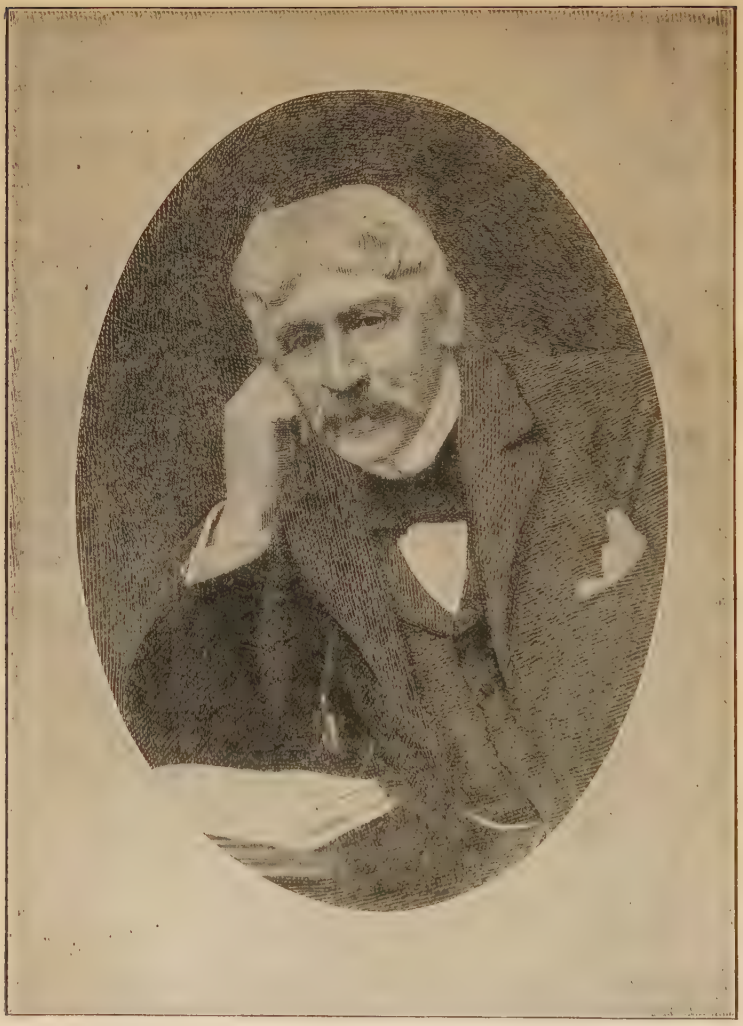
"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if
bird or devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed
thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted —
On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I
implore —
Is there — *is* there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell
me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil — prophet still,
if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God
we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the dis-
tant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore ?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!"
I shrieked, upstarting —
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!



Bret Harte

BRET HARTE

In 1849, a message of marvelous import swept all over the United States: Gold had been discovered in California, — not a little gold, here and there and hard to find, but nuggets of it, solid veins running through the rocks, gleaming dust of gold that could be washed in handfuls from the river sands — gold enough for everyone who would come and help himself. People went wild with excitement. Man after man dropped his axe, or his hoe, or his pen, and hurried off breathlessly on the fabulous quest. Those were wonderful days, wonderful as the days when Jason sought the Golden Fleece, and quite as worthy of a minstrel and an epic song. And in time the minstrel appeared, but not with Orphean beard and lyre. He was a young man a little past twenty, who had been setting types in a San Francisco newspaper office and had been promoted to an editorial desk. His name was Bret Harte.

It matters little where he came from, or where he went after his great stories of California were written. But we may note that he was born in Albany, New York. His father was a teacher. He died early, leaving little besides his excellent library. Francis Bret — to use his full name — was then a keen, clever boy who had read Shakespeare and Dickens while other children of his age were

stumbling through their primers. He left school at thirteen to learn office work, and five years later, with his sister, followed the rest of the family to California. He had even then tried his hand at verses, and was ambitious to write.

In California he saw much of the miners while he was teaching school, or acting as clerk in a drug store, or climbing the perilous mountain passes as an express messenger, with thousands of dollars' worth of gold in his care. It may be that he actually had, himself, the experience that he recounts in "How I Went to the Mines"; his family inclined to think that story a bit of his own life. However, he did not become in earnest a gold-seeker. He sought employment in a printing office after he gave up his wandering life of stage-coach excitements and itinerant teaching. And it was here, in the office of the "Golden Era," that he did apprentice work for his literary ambition, and began the long series of tales and poems that celebrate the California Argonauts. He had seen all sorts and types during his wanderings, and most of the characters that appear and reappear throughout his stories can be traced to those early days.

It was later, while Bret Harte was in San Francisco, as the editor of the "Overland Monthly" that he suddenly "found himself famous." He wanted a California story for his magazine; and as there was nobody else to write it, he wrote it himself.

He called it "The Luck of Roaring Camp." It was a simple story of a rough miner who was very kind to a little forsaken child, and who died in trying to save it from danger in a flood. Into the tale Bret Harte put all that he had been learning through his years in California — the beauty of the mountains and the forests, the crude habits of the people, and the big unexpected kindliness of the miners, who drank and gambled and rioted, but whose hearts were tender to the need of the weak and helpless. The story made a tremendous sensation everywhere in the United States. There had been no Western stories before, — none of any merit, except a few of Bret Harte's own earlier experiments, which had not yet been widely circulated. The author confessed that he was "half-frightened" at the success of this story; when he wrote it, he had no idea that he was doing anything great. It had simply grown out of the years that he had spent in watching the miners, and the still greater number of years in which he had been reading and writing. But he had found his work — that of writing down for posterity the wonders of the golden era in California.

He now added to his reputation by the best story he ever wrote, "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and the odd and amusing poem, "Plain Language from Truthful James." In two very different ways these pieces of work caught the spirit of the West — the hardship mixed with self-sacrifice, and the humor

mixed with philosophy. Again the public applauded and cried for more. And so Bret Harte kept on writing the poems and stories in which he revealed the crude, coarse, exciting habits of the mining towns, and the big emotions of that hearty, free, unconventional life.

In time he left California and went to Boston and New York. The Eastern people were anxious to see the Western writer of whom they had heard so much; they had a vague idea that he would be a picturesque character himself, with long hair, a fierce moustache, and wild flashing eyes. They even thought, and perhaps hoped, that he would wear the flannel shirt and high boots of the miner, and that his belt would be stuck full of knives and pistols. What they really saw was a quiet, handsome, distinguished-looking gentleman, whose dress and manners were quite as perfect as their own.

Bret Harte spent a year or two in the East, writing for the magazines and giving lectures upon California; then he went to Europe; and finally he settled in England, where he had been received with the most flattering admiration. He never returned to America. Although he continued to write, he did nothing quite so good as he had done when a young man in San Francisco. In fact, he is remembered chiefly for some dozen or so of those stories that show what California was in the days of the "Forty-niners" and the men who followed them.

HOW I WENT TO THE MINES

I had been two years in California before I ever thought of going to the mines, and my initiation into the vocation of gold digging was partly compulsory. The little pioneer settlement school, of which I was the somewhat youthful and, I fear, the not over-competent master, was state-aided only to a limited extent; and as the bulk of its expense was borne by a few families in its vicinity, when two of them — representing perhaps a dozen children or pupils — one morning announced their intention of moving to a more prosperous and newer district, the school was incontinently closed.

In twenty-four hours I found myself destitute alike of my flock and my vocation. I am afraid I regretted the former the most. Some of the children I had made my companions and friends; and as I stood that bright May morning before the empty little bark-thatched schoolhouse in the wilderness, it was with an odd sensation that our little summer "play" at being schoolmaster and pupil was over. Indeed, I remember distinctly that a large hunk of gingerbread — a parting gift from a prize scholar a year older than myself — stood me in good stead in my future wanderings, for I was alone in the world at that moment and constitutionally improvident.

I had been frightfully extravagant even on my small income, spending much money on "boiled shirts," and giving as an excuse, which I since believe was untenable, that I ought to set an example in dress to my pupils. The result was that at this crucial moment I had only seven dollars in my pocket, five of which went to the purchase of a second-hand revolver, that I felt was necessary to signalize my abandonment of a peaceful vocation for one of greed and adventure.

For I had finally resolved to go to the mines and become a gold-digger. Other occupations and my few friends in San Francisco were expensively distant. The nearest mining district was forty miles away; the nearest prospect of aid was the hope of finding a miner whom I had casually met in San Francisco, and whom I shall call "Jim." With only this name upon my lips I expected, like the deserted Eastern damsel in the ballad, to find my friend among the haunts of mining men. But my capital of two dollars would not allow the expense of stage-coach fare; I must walk to the mines, and I did.

I cannot clearly recall *how* I did it. The end of my first day's journey found me with blistered feet and the conviction that varnished leather shoes, however proper for the Master of Madrono Valley School in the exercise of his functions, were not suited to him when he was itinerant. Nevertheless, I clung to them as the last badge of my former life, carrying

them in my hands when pain and pride made me at last forsake the frequented highway to travel barefooted in the trails.

I am afraid that my whole equipment was rather incongruous, and I remember that the few travelers I met on the road glanced at me with curiosity and some amusement. The odds and ends of my "pack" — a faded morocco dressing-case, an early gift from my mother, and a silver-handled riding-whip, also a gift — in juxtaposition with my badly rolled, coarse blue blanket and tin coffee-pot, were sufficiently provocative. My revolver, too, which would not swing properly in its holster from my hip, but worked around until it hung down in front like a Highlander's dirk, gave me considerable mortification.

A sense of pride, which kept me from arriving at my friend's cabin utterly penniless, forbade my seeking shelter and food at a wayside station. I ate the remainder of my gingerbread, and camped out in the woods. To preclude any unnecessary sympathy, I may add that I was not at all hungry and had no sense of privation.

The loneliness that had once or twice come over me in meeting strangers on the traveled road, with whom I was too shy and proud to converse, vanished utterly in the sweet and silent companionship of the woods. I believe I should have felt my solitary vagabond condition greater in a strange hostelry or a crowded cabin. I heard the soft breathings of the

lower life in the grass and ferns around me, saw the grave, sleepy stars above my head, and slept soundly, quite forgetting the pain of my blistered feet, or the handkerchiefs I had sacrificed for bandages.

In the morning, finding that I had emptied my water flask, I also found that I had utterly overlooked the first provision of camping, — nearness to a water supply, — and was fain to chew some unboiled coffee grains to flavor my scant breakfast, when I again took the trail.

I kept out of the main road as much as possible that day, although my détours cost me some extra walking, and by this time my bandaged feet had accumulated so much of the red dust that I suppose it would have been difficult to say what I wore on them. But in these excursions the balsamic air of the pines always revived me; the reassuring changes of scenery and distance viewed from those mountain ridges, the most wonderful I had ever seen, kept me in a state of excitement, and there was an occasional novelty of "outcrop" in the rocky trail that thrilled me with mysterious anticipation.

For this outcrop — a strange, white, porcelain-like rock, glinting like a tooth thrust through the red soil — was *quartz*, which I had been told indicated the vicinity of the gold-bearing district. Following these immaculate finger-posts, I came at about sunset upon a mile-long slope of pines still baking in the western glare, and beyond it, across an unfathom-

able abyss, a shelf in the opposite mountain side, covered with white tents, looking not unlike the quartz outcrop I have spoken of. It was "the diggings"!

I do not know what I had expected, but I was conscious of some bitter disappointment. As I gazed, the sun sank below the serried summit of the slope on which I stood; a great shadow seemed to steal *up* rather than down the mountain, the tented shelf faded away, and a score of tiny diamond points of light, like stars, took its place. A cold wind rushed down the mountain side, and I shivered in my thin clothes, drenched with the sweat of my day-long tramp.

It was nine o'clock when I reached the mining camp, itself only a fringe of the larger settlement beyond, and I had been on my feet since sunrise. Nevertheless, I halted at the outskirts, deposited my pack in the bushes, bathed my feet in a sluice of running water, so stained with the soil that it seemed to run blood, and, putting on my dreadful varnished shoes again, limped once more into respectability and the first cabin.

Here I found that my friend "Jim" was one of four partners on the "Gum Tree Claim," two miles on the other side of the settlement. There was nothing left for me but to push on to the "Magnolia Hotel," procure the cheapest refreshment and an hour's rest, and then limp as best I could to the "Gum Tree Claim."

I found the "Magnolia" a large wooden building, given over, in greater part, to an enormous drinking "saloon," filled with flashing mirrors and a mahogany bar. In the unimportant and stuffy little dining-room or restaurant, I selected some "fish-balls and coffee," I think more with a view to cheapness and expedition than for their absolute sustaining power. The waiter informed me that it was possible that my friend "Jim" might be in the settlement, but that the barkeeper, who knew everything and everybody, could tell me or give me "the shortest cut to the claim."

From sheer fatigue I lingered at my meal, I fear, long past any decent limit, and then reëntered the bar-room. It was crowded with miners and traders and a few smartly dressed professional-looking men. Here again my vanity led me into extravagance. I could not bear to address the important, white-shirt-sleeved and diamond-pinned barkeeper as a mere boyish suppliant for information. I was silly enough to demand a drink, and laid down, alas! another quarter.

I had asked my question, the barkeeper had handed me the decanter, and I had poured out the stuff with as much ease and grown-up confidence as I could assume, when a singular incident occurred. As it had some bearing upon my fortune, I may relate it here.

The ceiling of the saloon was supported by a half-dozen wooden columns, about eighteen inches square,

standing in a line, parallel with the counter of the bar and about two feet from it. The front of the bar was crowded with customers, when suddenly, to my astonishment, they one and all put down their glasses and hurriedly backed into the spaces between the columns. At the same moment a shot was fired from the street through the large open doors that stood at right angles with the front of the counter and the columns.

The bullet raked and splintered the moldings of the counter front, but with no other damage. The shot was returned from the upper end of the bar, and then for the first time I became aware that two men with leveled revolvers were shooting at each other through the saloon.

The bystanders in range were fully protected by the wooden columns; the barkeeper had "ducked" below the counter at the first shot. Six shots were exchanged by the duelists, but, as far as I could see, nobody was hurt. A mirror was smashed, and my glass had part of its rim carried cleanly away by the third shot and its contents spilt.

I had remained standing near the counter, and I presume I may have been protected by the columns. But the whole thing passed so quickly, and I was so utterly absorbed in its dramatic novelty, that I cannot recall having the slightest sensation of physical fear; indeed, I had been much more frightened in positions of less peril.

My only concern, and this was paramount, was that I might betray by any word or movement my youthfulness, astonishment, or unfamiliarity with such an experience. I think that any shy, vain schoolboy will understand this, and would probably feel as I did. So strong was this feeling, that while the sting of gunpowder was still in my nostrils I moved towards the bar, and, taking up my broken glass, said to the barkeeper, perhaps somewhat slowly and diffidently, —

"Will you please fill me another glass? It 's not my fault if this was broken."

The barkeeper, rising flushed and excited from behind the bar, looked at me with a queer smile, and then passed the decanter and a fresh glass. I heard a laugh and an oath behind me, and my cheeks flushed as I took a single gulp of the fiery spirit and hurried away.

But my blistered feet gave me a twinge of pain, and I limped on the threshold. I felt a hand on my shoulder, and a voice said quickly, —

"You ain't hurt, old man?"

I recognized the voice of the man who had laughed, and responded quickly, growing more hot and scarlet, that my feet were blistered by a long walk, and that I was in a hurry to go to "Gum Tree Claim."

"Hold on," said the stranger. Preceding me to the street, he called to a man sitting in a buggy, "Drop him," pointing to me, "at Gum Tree Claim,

and then come back here," helped me into the vehicle, clapped his hand on my shoulder, said to me enigmatically, "You 'll do!" and quickly reëntered the saloon.

It was from the driver only that I learned, during the drive, that the two combatants had quarreled a week before, had sworn to shoot each other "on sight," that is, on their first accidental meeting, and that each "went armed." He added, disgustedly, that it was "mighty bad shooting," to which I, in my very innocence of these lethal weapons, and truthfulness to my youthful impressions, agreed!

I said nothing else of my own feelings, and, indeed, soon forgot them; for I was nearing the end of my journey, and *now*, for the first time, although I believe it a common experience of youth, I began to feel a doubt of the wisdom of my intentions. During my long tramp, and in the midst of my privations, I had never doubted it; but now, as I neared "Jim's" cabin, my youthfulness and inefficiency and the extravagance of my quest of a mere acquaintance for aid and counsel came to me like a shock. But it was followed by a greater one. When at last I took leave of my driver and entered the humble little log cabin of the "Gum Tree Company," I was informed that "Jim" only a few days before had given up his partnership and gone to San Francisco.

Perhaps there was something in my appearance

that showed my weariness and disappointment, for one of the partners dragged out the only chair in the cabin, — he and the other partners had been sitting on boxes tilted on end, — and offered it to me, with the inevitable drink. With this encouragement, I stammered out my story. I think I told the exact truth. I was too weary to even magnify my acquaintance with the absent "Jim."

They listened without comment. I dare say they had heard the story before. I am quite convinced they had each gone through a harder experience than mine. Then occurred what I believe could have occurred only in California in that age of simplicity and confidence. Without a word of discussion among themselves, without a word of inquiry as to myself, my character or prospects, they offered me the vacant partnership "to try."

In any event I was to stay there until I could make up my mind. As I was scarcely able to stand, one of them volunteered to fetch my pack from its "cache" in the bushes four miles away; and then, to my astonishment, conversation instantly turned upon other topics, — literature, science, philosophy, everything but business and practical concerns. Two of the partners were graduates of a Southern college, and the other a bright young farmer.

I went to bed that night in the absent Jim's bunk, one fourth owner of a cabin and a claim I knew nothing of. As I looked about me at the bearded

faces of my new partners, although they were all apparently only a few years older than myself, I wondered if we were not "playing" at being partners in "Gum Tree Claim," as I had played at being schoolmaster in Madrono Valley.

When I awoke late the next morning and stared around the empty cabin, I could scarcely believe that the events of the preceding night were not a dream. My pack, which I had left four miles away, lay at my feet. By the truthful light of day I could see that I was lying apparently in a parallelogram of untrimmed logs, between whose interstices, here and there, the glittering sunlight streamed.

A roof of bark thatch, on which a woodpecker was foolishly experimenting, was above my head; four wooden "bunks," like a ship's berth, were around the two sides of the room; a table, a chair, and three stools, fashioned from old packing-boxes, were the only furniture. The cabin was lighted by a window of two panes let into one gable, by the open door, and by a chimney of adobe, that entirely filled the other gable, and projected scarcely a foot above the apex of the roof.

I was wondering whether I had not strayed into a deserted cabin, a dreadful suspicion of the potency of the single drink I had taken in the saloon coming over me, when my three partners entered. Their explanation was brief. I had needed rest, they had delicately forborne to awaken me before. It was

twelve o'clock! My breakfast was ready. They had something "funny" to tell me! I was a hero!

My conduct during the shooting affray at the "Magnolia" had been discussed, elaborately exaggerated, and interpreted, by eye-witnesses; the latest version being that I had calmly stood at the bar, coolly demanding to be served by the crouching barkeeper, while the shots were being fired! I am afraid even my new friends put down my indignant disclaimer to youthful bashfulness, but seeing that I was distressed, they changed the subject.

Yes! I might, if I wanted, do some "prospecting" that day. Where? Oh, anywhere on ground not already claimed; there were hundreds of square miles to choose from. What was I to do? What! was it possible I had never prospected before? No! Nor dug gold at all? Never!

I saw them glance hurriedly at each other; my heart sank, until I noticed that their eyes were eager and sparkling. Then I learned that my ignorance was blessed! Gold miners were very superstitious; it was one of their firm beliefs that "luck" would inevitably follow the *first* essay of the neophyte or "greenhorn." It was not very complimentary to myself, but, in my eagerness to show my gratitude to my new partners, I accepted it.

I dressed hastily, and swallowed my breakfast of coffee, salt pork, and "flapjacks." A pair of old deerskin moccasins, borrowed from a squaw who did

the camp washing, was a luxury to my blistered feet; and equipped with a pick, a long-handled shovel, and a prospecting pan, I demanded to be led at once to my field of exploit. But I was told that this was impossible; I must find it myself, alone, or the charm would be broken!

I fixed upon a grassy slope, about two hundred yards from the cabin, and limped thither. The slope faced the magnificent cañon and the prospect I had seen the day before from the further summit. In my vivid recollection of that eventful morning I quite distinctly remember that I was, nevertheless, so entranced with the exterior "prospect" that for some moments I forgot the one in the ground at my feet. Then I began to dig.

My instructions were to fill my pan with the dirt taken from as large an area as possible near the surface. In doing this I was sorely tempted to dig lower in search of more hidden treasure, and in one or two deeper strokes of my pick I unearthed a bit of quartz with little seams or veins that glittered promisingly. I put them hopefully in my pocket, but duly filled my pan. This I took, not without some difficulty, owing to its absurd weight, to the nearest sluice-box, and, as instructed, tilted my pan in the running water.

As I rocked it from side to side, in a surprisingly short time the lighter soil of deep red color was completely washed away, leaving a glutinous clayey pud-

ding mixed with small stones, like plums. Indeed, there was a fascinating reminiscence of "dirt pies" in this boyish performance. The mud, however, soon yielded to the flowing water, and left only the stones and "black sand." I removed the former with my fingers, retaining only a small, flat, pretty, disk-like stone, heavier than the others, — it looked like a blackened coin, — and this I put in my pocket with the quartz. Then I proceeded to wash away the black sand.

I must leave my youthful readers to imagine my sensations when at last I saw a dozen tiny star-points of gold adhering to the bottom of the pan! They were so small that I was fearful of washing further, lest they should wash away. It was not until later that I found that their specific gravity made that almost impossible. I ran joyfully to where my partners were at work, holding out my pan.

"Yes, he 's got the color," said one blandly. "I knew it."

I was disappointed. "Then I have n't struck it?" I said hesitatingly.

"Not in *this* pan. You 've got about a quarter of a dollar here."

My face fell.

"But," he continued smilingly, "you 've only to get that amount in four pans, and you 've made your daily 'grub.'"

"And that 's all," added the other, "that we, or

indeed *any one* on this hill, have made for the last six months!"

This was another shock to me. But I do not know whether I was as much impressed by it as by the perfect good humor and youthful unconcern with which it was uttered. Still, I was disappointed in my first effort. I hesitatingly drew the two bits of quartz from my pocket.

"I found them," I said. "They look as if they had some metal in them. See how it sparkles."

My partner smiled. "Iron pyrites," he said; "but what's that?" he added quickly, taking the little disk-like stone from my hand. "Where did you get this?"

"In the same hole. Is it good for anything?"

He did not reply to me, but turned to his two other partners, who had eagerly pressed around him. "Look!"

He laid the fragment on another stone, and gave it a smart blow with the point of his pick. To my astonishment it did not crumble or break, but showed a little dent from the pick point that was bright yellow!

I had no time, nor indeed need, to ask another question. "Run for your barrow!" he said to one. "Write out a 'Notice,' and bring the stakes," to the other; and the next moment, forgetful of my blistered feet, we were flying over to the slope. A claim was staked out, the "Notice" put up, and we all fell

to work to load up our wheelbarrow. We carried four loads to the sluice-boxes before we began to wash.

The nugget I had picked up was worth about twelve dollars. We carried many loads; we worked that day and the next, hopefully, cheerfully, and without weariness. Then we worked at the claim daily, dutifully, and regularly for three weeks. We sometimes got "the color"; we sometimes did n't, but we nearly always got enough for our daily "grub." We laughed, joked, told stories, "spouted poetry," and enjoyed ourselves as in a perpetual picnic. But that twelve-dollar nugget was the first and last "strike" we made on the new "Tenderfoot Claim"!

IN THE TUNNEL

Did n't know Flynn, —
Flynn of Virginia, —
Long as he 's been 'yar?
Look 'ee here, stranger,
Whar *hev* you been?

Here in this tunnel
He was my pardner,
That same Tom Flynn, —
Working together,

In wind and weather,
Day out and in.

Did n't know Flynn!
Well, that *is* queer;
Why, it 's a sin
To think of Tom Flynn, —
Tom with his cheer,
Tom without fear, —
Stranger, look 'yar!

Thar in the drift,
Back to the wall,
He held the timbers
Ready to fall;
Then in the darkness
I heard him call:
"Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
Don't wait for me."
And that was all
Heard in the din,
Heard of Tom Flynn, —
Flynn of Virginia.

That 's all about
Flynn of Virginia.
That lets me out.
Here in the damp, —

Out of the sun,—
That 'ar derned lamp
Makes my eyes run.
Well, there,—I 'm done!

But, sir, when you 'll
Hear the next fool
Asking of Flynn,—
Flynn of Virginia,—
Just you chip in,
Say you knew Flynn;
Say that you 've been 'yar.

WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG

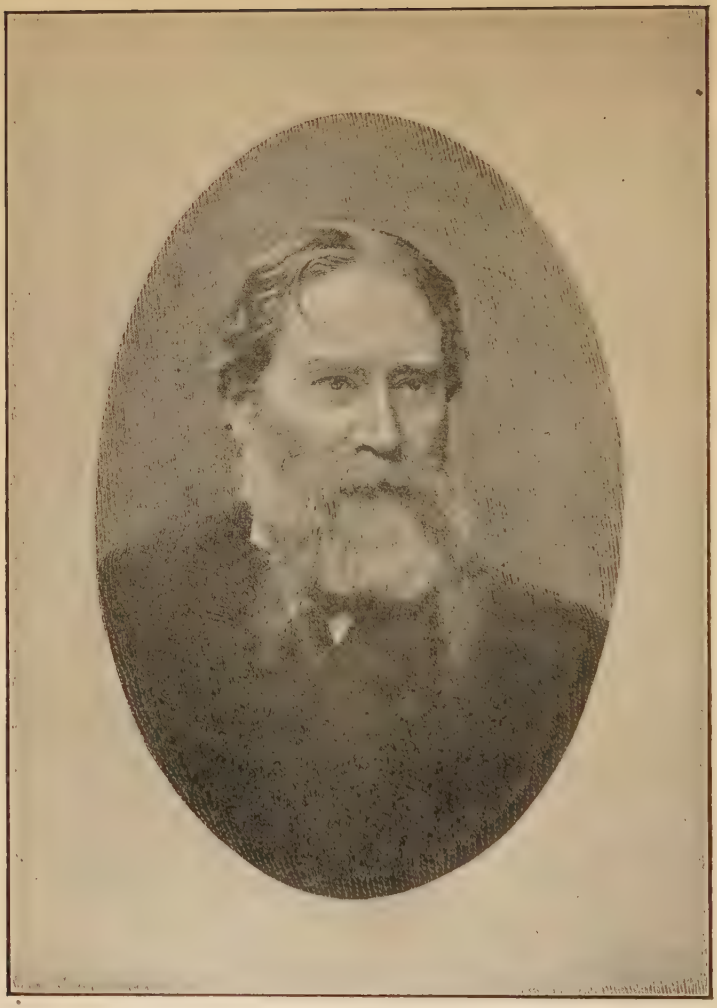
Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Woman stopped, as her babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost,
And said, as her teardrops back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Children said, as they closer drew,
"'T is some witch that is cleaving the black night
through,

'T is a fairy trumpet that just then blew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself, "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear and wages low,
And I 'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the Poet listened and smiled, for he
Was Man and Woman and Child, all three,
And said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."



J. M. Lowell

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Whoever goes to Cambridge, Massachusetts, is sure to be interested in several things of which the town has a right to be proud — Harvard University, the Washington Elm, and Longfellow's house near the banks of the Charles River; and still another place that everyone likes to see is "Elmwood," the home of James Russell Lowell, the poet. The house, which is surrounded by smooth lawns and spreading trees, was built before the Revolution for the country seat of a lieutenant governor of the province. Lowell was born there on Washington's birthday in 1819, and there he died in 1891. Seventy-two years!

His childhood in the beautiful old house was very happy; and when the time came, he spent four years in Harvard College. Toward the latter part of his Senior year he was chosen class poet. "Oh dear," said the Reverend Charles Lowell, his father, when he heard the news, "James promised me that he would quit writing poetry and go to work." But Mr. Lowell next learned that his son had been suspended from college for not attending morning prayers. He was sent over to Concord to stay out the time. And there Emerson, in his great kindly way, made a friend of him and took him off on long country

tramps. Almost any one of us now would give a college term to have tramped with Emerson; but just then young Lowell was sadly mindful that he could not return for Class Day, to read the poem he had written.

After his graduation, Lowell studied law — not because he liked it, but because he doubted whether he could earn a living by writing verse. But the verses came, and the clients did n't; and so it happened that he branched off into magazine editing and journalism. During this time he married. His wife was gifted and poetic, and she had no small part in his first two volumes of verse.

Lowell came into wide notice through some political poems, which he wrote in Yankee dialect, called "The Biglow Papers." Then he composed a criticism of the different writers of his day. He named it "A Fable for Critics." It was in rhyme, and all very jolly and witty, though little of it was complimentary. But for Irving, who had just then returned from his ministry in Spain, Lowell had nothing but praise; he gave him one of the prettiest tributes that one author ever wrote of another. You will enjoy reading that. Whatever verse Lowell wrote, whether humorous or stately, he never lost sight of his own ideal for poetry — that it should inspire men themselves to better thoughts and actions. This led him sometimes to write verse that we might call "preachy,' and "preachy" verse is

hardly poetry. Lowell knew his own failing, and in his "Fable" he raps himself with the rest: —

> The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
> Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching.

But he wrote many noble poems that speak their message without preaching.

What do poets write about? The out-of-doors and its influence; the books they have read, and old stories handed down; the feelings and acts of people, real ones or imagined; public events that call us to pause and think, — all of them just the things, are they not, that make up our own history and the world's? Now, if we look through a volume of Lowell's poems, we find that his interest covered all these things, and that he could write equally well upon all of them — if we consider the best poems of each kind. Suppose we pick out "Rhœcus" and "The Vision of Sir Launfal" as poems that touch upon three of these; and, for the last, those two splendid "public" poems — "Under the Old Elm," with its tribute to Virginia and Washington, and the "Commemoration Ode," with its tribute to Lincoln.

To follow up the course of Lowell's life, we must note that he traveled abroad, continued to write essays as well as verse, and gave, one winter in Boston, a series of public lectures on English Poetry. These lectures were of such merit that Harvard College invited him to take the professorship that

Longfellow had just resigned. He accepted, went to Europe for a year's study, and then for nearly twenty years taught Spanish literature at Harvard. It was during this time that he assumed the editorship of the new "Atlantic Monthly," and secured for the magazine Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in the character of "The Autocrat."

Little by little Lowell was drawn into political life. President Hayes appointed him Minister to Spain, and two years later he was transferred to England as our Ambassador at the Court of St. James. In England he was very popular, and this country was so proud of him as her representative that he was continued in office until the end of President Arthur's administration. One service that he did for England — indeed for all Europe — on his return, was to use his influence in persuading Congress to agree to the International Copyright, which would allow a foreign author to copyright his book in this country as well as in his own, and so profit by the sale of it here.

"I am a kind of twins myself, divided between grave and gay," Lowell said once. On the one side, he was the serious scholar, the extent of whose learning was the wonder and admiration of his time. On the other, he was the genuine man, lovable, sympathetic, attracting people without trying to, radiant with good cheer, and sparkling with wit. "His talk was like an incessant play of fireworks," says one of his friends. His life was not without deep sorrows.

One of these was the death of his little daughter Blanche, of whom he wrote so touchingly in "The First Snowfall," "She Came and Went," and "The Changeling." He had traveled far and seen much, but he was overjoyed at getting back to Elmwood. He wrote to a friend, "I watch the moon rise behind the same trees through which I first saw it seventy years ago, and I have a strange feeling of permanence, as if I should watch it seventy years longer." Of permanence? What is it that Milton says about a book?

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

YUSSOUF

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold, one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing: "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me;
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!"

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,

Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught

Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

A PRELUDE

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the Druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,

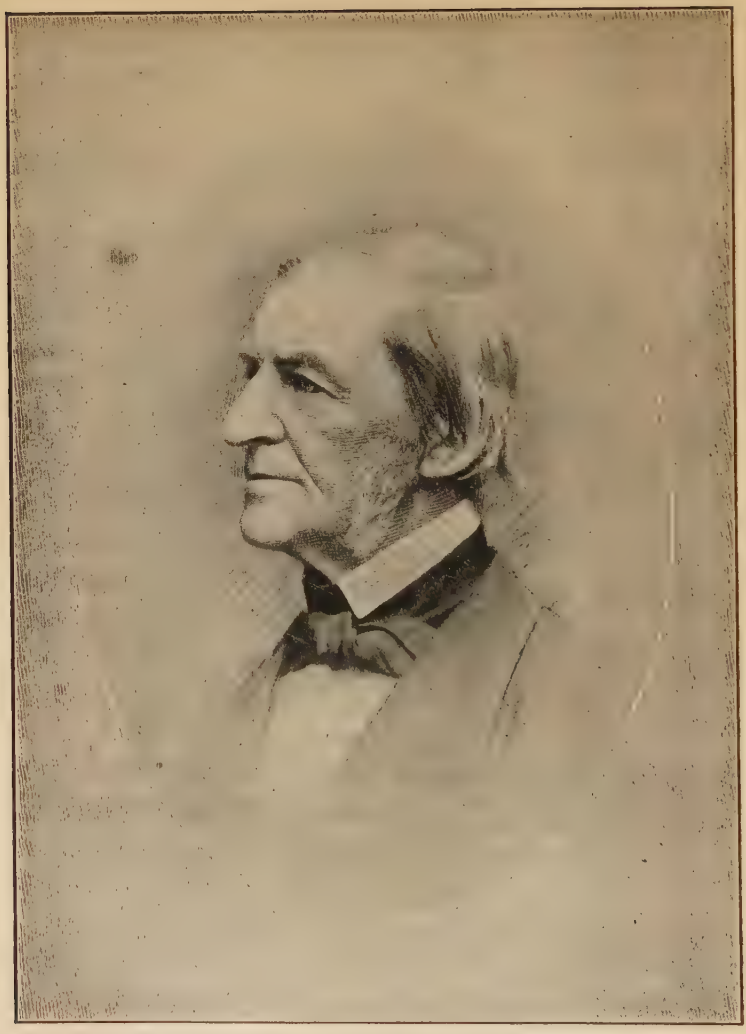
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there 's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing

That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'T is the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

From "The Vision of Sir Launfal"



R. Waldo Emerson

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The name of Emerson is linked with that of Concord, the historic little town in Massachusetts which has been the home of so many celebrated people. It was here that Emerson's ancestors had lived, and that Emerson himself spent the greater part of his tranquil life. In his day, Concord was a country village, even more peaceful than it is now. With its slow, bright river, its shady streets, and its simple, old-fashioned houses, it was a most suitable abiding-place for those who wanted leisure to think and write. It was beautiful and still, but it did not lack its pleasures or its earnest work. The companions of Emerson were people who had made themselves well known in the world, — Amos Bronson Alcott and his daughter Louisa Alcott, Henry D. Thoreau, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and others almost as noted. These friends were a part of the everyday life of Emerson, and added to the contentment with which he looked upon his village home.

The record of Emerson's career could be put into a few short sentences. He was born of good New England stock; he grew up in a cheerful, virtuous household; he went to college, married, preached the gospel as he understood it, wrote poems, gave lectures, grew old, and died. His life was full of

kindly interests and affections, but was never brilliant or exciting. He traveled much, both in America and in Europe, giving the lectures which helped to make him so well known; but one thinks of him always as living quietly in Concord. It is pleasant to picture him at work in his book-lined study or strolling thoughtfully about the streets of the town. His very look was that of an unusual man. He was six feet tall, but very slender; his hair was brown, and his eyes were of the brightest blue. His features were large, but fine. His face was very calm and strong, and he was noticed everywhere for an air of gentleness and power. Lowell said of him, "There was a majesty about him beyond all other men I have ever known"; and Lowell had seen most of the noted men in Europe and America. It is not strange that the citizens of Concord admired and honored Emerson even before they realized that they were meeting, day by day, one of the greatest men in the world.

Like many thinkers, Emerson was very fond of the outdoor world of sky and water and forest. He loved nature not less deeply than his friend Thoreau, who wrote so clearly of her secret ways. In all of Emerson's work there are vivid pictures and phrases that show how closely he watched what was going on out of doors, and how happy he was in studying its meaning. He "hunted all the birds without a gun"; the snow, the mountains, the flowers, the sea,

moved him with a feeling of the loveliness of the earth; even the flitting velvet of the humble-bee suggested to him thoughts which most of us would be too dull to invent, but which delight us when we see them in his verse. Thus he wove his love of nature into his poetry and his prose, and it has brought the sincerest pleasure to all nature-lovers since.

Emerson thought that everything that exists is somehow connected with everything else. Hence a thing cannot be really ugly, because it belongs to something that is beautiful. Indeed, he went so far as to say, "Nothing is quite beautiful alone; nothing but is beautiful in the whole." He thought, too, that man is very close to nature, and that he can always learn from her. He says, "All things with which we deal preach to us. What is a farm but a mute gospel?" He felt that the only thing that is worth while in life is to learn all that we can, and to make what we learn help us to form good characters. We should try to make the work of every moment the best that we can do. "To finish the moment, to find the journey's end in every step of the road, to live the greatest number of good hours, is wisdom." In order to do good work and develop our characters, we must be self-reliant: "We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds." "The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also." Emerson believed in aiming at the very best, even though

there might be but small chance of reaching it. One of the finest things that he ever said was, "Hitch your wagon to a star."

Emerson died in 1882. In the memoir that his son wrote of him, is this comment: —

"It is now imputed as a shortcoming that he did not do justice to the prevailing power of evil in the world. Fortunately he did not. It was not the message given to him. He could not. For that which made him live and serve and love and be loved was — a good Hope."

It is interesting to remember that most of Emerson's Essays, as we call them now, were first spoken to living audiences. They had come to hear him, to learn from him how to "see into the life of things," and they came away with many silent questions answered. Just so we may go to Emerson's books to let him talk to us. They will not make easy, rapid reading; we must take them up at leisure, prepared to *listen*. Each sentence is so alive with meaning that it sets *us* thinking. We must stop and ponder a little before we can appreciate the fullness of it. But when we have heard, and understood, we have something we do not forget, something that works and grows within us.

MANNERS

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy way of doing things; each, once a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed, and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dewdrops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. Manners are very communicable; men catch them from each other. Consuelo, in the romance, boasts of the lessons she had given the nobles in manners, on the stage; and, in real life, Talma taught Napoleon the arts of behavior. Genius invents fine manners, which the baron and the baroness copy very fast, and, by the advantage of a palace, better the instruction. They stereotype the lesson they have learned, into a mode.

The power of manners is incessant, — an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty,

or wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess. We send girls of a timid, retreating disposition to the boarding-school, to the riding-school, to the ball-room, or wheresoever they can come into acquaintance and nearness of leading persons of their own sex; where they may learn address, and see it near at hand. The power of a woman of fashion to lead, and also to daunt and repel, derives from their belief that she knows resources and behaviors not known to them; but when these have mastered her secret, they learn to confront her, and recover their self-possession.

Every day bears witness to their gentle rule. People who would obtrude, now do not obtrude. The mediocre circle learns to demand that which belongs to a high state of nature or of culture. Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little suspected, a police in citizens' clothes, who are awarding or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it.

We talk much of utilities, but 't is our manners that associate us. In hours of business, we go to him who knows, or has, or does this or that which we want, and we do not let our taste or feeling stand in the way. But this activity over, we return to the indolent state, and wish for those we can be at ease

with; those who will go where we go, whose manners do not offend us, whose social tone chimes with ours. When we reflect on their persuasive and cheering force; how they recommend, prepare, and draw people together; how, in all clubs, manners make the members; how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth; that, for the most part, his manners marry him, and, for the most part, he marries manners; when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey, and what divination is required in us for the reading of this fine telegraph, — we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power, and beauty.

Their first service is very low, — when they are the minor morals: but 't is the beginning of civility, — to make us, I mean, endurable to each other. We prize them for their rough-plastic, abstergent force; to get people out of the quadruped state; to get them washed, clothed, and set up on end; to slough their animal husks and habits; compel them to be clean; overawe their spite and meanness, teach them to stifle the base and choose the generous expression, and make them know how much happier the generous behaviors are.

From "Behavior" in "The Conduct of Life."

THE HUMBLE-BEE

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance

With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue
And brier roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

FORBEARANCE

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

THE APOLOGY

Think me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
But 't is figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thine acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.

THE SNOW-STORM

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,

Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

CONCORD HYMN

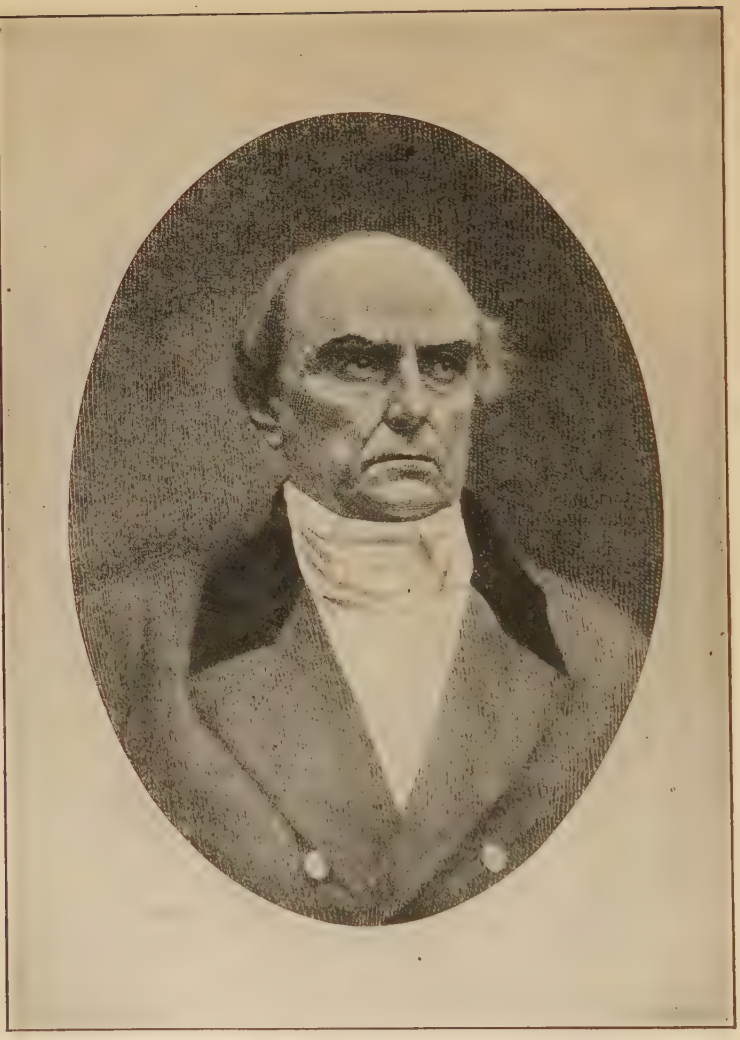
Sung at the completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
  Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
  And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
  Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
  Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
  We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
  When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
  To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
  The shaft we raise to them and thee.



Daniel Webster.

DANIEL WEBSTER

Cooper, in one of his novels, remarks that there is "an instinctive tendency in men to look at any man who has become distinguished." Probably, in Cooper's own time there was no man more looked at than Daniel Webster. We are told that in Boston, when he walked down State Street to his law office, "business would be temporarily suspended, while people rushed to the doors and windows to see him pass. To the popular imagination he seemed to take up half the street. He stood nearly six feet, and seemed taller, and he had an enormous measurement around the chest. His head was one of the largest and noblest ever borne upon human shoulders. He had a dark complexion, a broad and lofty brow, and large black eyes, usually full of repose, but in moments of excitement blazing with terrible intensity." Add to this description that he had "a voice of great compass, usually high and clear, but capable of sinking into deep tones that thrilled the listener," so that the whole was like "strains of music issuing from a full-toned organ," and we have some idea of the man who was the greatest orator of his day.

Does the picture match well with that of a puny, sickly boy on a small New Hampshire farm on the northern frontier? But such a boy named Daniel Webster grew up in that untraveled region while

the union of the thirteen states straggling southward was being argued and accomplished. His father had been a trusted captain of Washington's army and had brought his courage and experience to battle with the discouragements of frontier life. He had a large family of children. Webster wrote of his boyhood, "I read what I could get to read, went to school when I could, and when not at school was a farmer's youngest boy, not good for much for want of health and strength, but expected to do something." That something consisted generally in tending the sawmill; but the reading went on, while the log he had set was going through. "We had so few books that to read them once or twice was nothing," said Webster. "We thought they were all to be got by heart." We are told that the farmers used to draw up their loads outside the house to get "Webster's boy" to bring out his Bible and read to them. Even so early he had the gift of speech.

Daniel Webster owed his passing from a farm boy to a man of the world more, perhaps, to his far-sighted and self-sacrificing parents than he did to himself. His father was bent on his having the education that he himself had missed. So he had the boy prepared for Dartmouth College, which had been established at Hanover. At the end of his college course, Webster took up the study of law.

When Webster was admitted to the bar of his state, at Portsmouth, the style of speech generally

employed by lawyers in arguing their cases was florid, affected, full of big sonorous phrases and fine words. Webster himself had practiced this style more or less in the college debating society, to which he had been devoted. But, in Portsmouth, the foremost lawyer was a man of sufficient common sense and originality to talk to a jury or a judge in the simple, direct, terse speech that is natural to sincere and vigorous argument. Webster appreciated this and immediately began to reform his own style. In a few years it was Webster whose arguments were attracting the most attention, and it was Webster who was sent to Congress to represent the district.

In 1818 Webster made for himself a national reputation by winning for Dartmouth College its case against the State of New Hampshire, which had altered the college charter. The case was carried to the Supreme Court. Webster made the point that the State was acting in violation of one of the provisions of the Federal Constitution. Therefore, when the case was decided against the State, it was a triumph for the Constitution and Federal authority, at a time when it still seemed doubtful whether our Union was united enough to hold together.

The Union! — its preservation! That one idea possessed Webster wholly. It grew to be a passion with him. It was the central emotion and the concluding theme of every speech he uttered afterward, on commemorative occasions or on the floor of

the Senate. It has often been said, in speaking of the power with which he could call up pictures of the past, and make scenes live again for his audiences, that he had a marvelous historic imagination. He had no less a marvelous prophetic imagination. There seemed always to be alert within him a sense of the great destiny of this land from ocean to ocean and border to Gulf. To the fulfillment of that one great end he would set aside every local and minor consideration, and it was for this that he suffered the anathemas of his party in his closing years.

But looking at the course of his life as an orator, from his lawyer's argument of 1818 to the fateful "7th of March Speech" in the Senate in 1850, we find a series of oratorical triumphs: — the Plymouth anniversary oration of 1820; the orations at the Bunker Hill Monument in 1825 and '43; the commemorative oration on the almost simultaneous deaths of Adams and Jefferson, in 1826; and the several speeches in the Senate. These are matters of history, it is true. They were *speech* to those who listened; they are *literature* to us who read. But, reading, let us imagine the temper of the occasion, the scene itself — the audience intent for every word; the towering speaker calling upon his vast knowledge, his keen, clear reasoning, his inspiring and quickening imagination, to give to those before him his own prophetic vision in words that we do not willingly let die.

THE BUNKER-HILL MONUMENT

SELECTIONS FROM THE ADDRESS AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE, JUNE 17, 1825

I. THE INTRODUCTION

This uncounted multitude before me and around me proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and from the impulses of a common gratitude turned reverently to heaven in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.

If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchers of our fathers. We are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the 17th of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations. But we are Americans. We

live in what may be called the early age of this great continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to enjoy and suffer the allotments of humanity. We see before us a probable train of great events; we know that our own fortunes have been happily cast; and it is natural, therefore, that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which have guided our destiny before many of us were born, and settled the condition in which we should pass that portion of our existence which God allows to men on earth.

We do not read even of the discovery of this continent, without feeling something of a personal interest in the event; without being reminded how much it has affected our own fortunes and our own existence. It would be still more unnatural for us, therefore, than for others, to contemplate with unaffected minds that interesting, I may say that most touching and pathetic scene, when the great discoverer of America stood on the deck of his shattered bark, the shades of night falling on the sea, yet no man sleeping; tossed on the billows of an unknown ocean, yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair tossing his own troubled thoughts; extending forward his harassed frame, straining westward his anxious and eager eyes, till Heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy, in blessing his vision with the sight of the unknown world.

Nearer to our times, more closely connected with

our fates, and therefore still more interesting to our feelings and affections, is the settlement of our own country by colonists from England. We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience and fortitude; we admire their daring enterprise; we teach our children to venerate their piety; and we are justly proud of being descended from men who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles of human freedom and human knowledge. To us, their children, the story of their labors and sufferings can never be without interest. We shall not stand unmoved on the shore of Plymouth, while the sea continues to wash it; nor will our brethren in another early and ancient Colony forget the place of its first establishment, till their river shall cease to flow by it. No vigor of youth, no maturity of manhood, will lead the nation to forget the spots where its infancy was cradled and defended.

But the great event in the history of the continent, which we are now met here to commemorate, that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world, is the American Revolution. In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honor, distinction, and power, we are brought together, in this place, by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion.

The Society whose organ I am was formed for the purpose of rearing some honorable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American Independence. They have thought that for this object no time could be more propitious than the present prosperous and peaceful period; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking, than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought. The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for his blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted, and that, springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised, and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know, that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscrip-

tion on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice, to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed, not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistin-

guished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power are still strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

II. THE PERORATION

And now, let us indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit which the example of

our country has produced, and is likely to produce, on human freedom and human happiness. Let us endeavor to comprehend in all its magnitude, and to feel in all its importance, the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs. We are placed at the head of the system of representative and popular governments. Thus far our example shows that such governments are compatible, not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights, with good laws, and a just administration.

We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves, or as better suited to existing conditions, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable, and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent on us is to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing may weaken its authority with the world. If, in our case, the representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are excitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us, and all that surrounds us, authorize the belief that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, in form perhaps not always for the better, may yet, in their general character, be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that in our country any other is impossible. The principle of free governments adheres to the American soil. It is bedded in it, immovable as its mountains.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth

its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

LIBERTY AND UNION

THE CONCLUSION OF WEBSTER'S SPEECH IN REPLY TO HAYNE, ON THE FLOOR OF THE SENATE, JANUARY 27, 1830

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and

important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it without expressing once more my deep conviction that, since it respects nothing less than the Union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the

Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government whose thought should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted nor a single star ob-

secured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON

They were scholars, ripe and good scholars; widely acquainted with ancient, as well as modern literature, and not altogether uninstructed in the deeper sciences. . . . Being, also, men of busy lives, with great objects requiring action constantly before them, their attainments in letters did not become showy or obtrusive. Yet I would hazard the opinion, that if we could now ascertain all the causes which gave them eminence and distinction in the midst of the great men with whom they acted, we should find not among the least their early acquisitions in literature, the resources which it furnished, the promptitude and facility which it communicated, and the wide field it opened for analogy and illustration; giving them thus, on every subject, a larger view and a broader range, as well for discussion as for the government of their own conduct.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

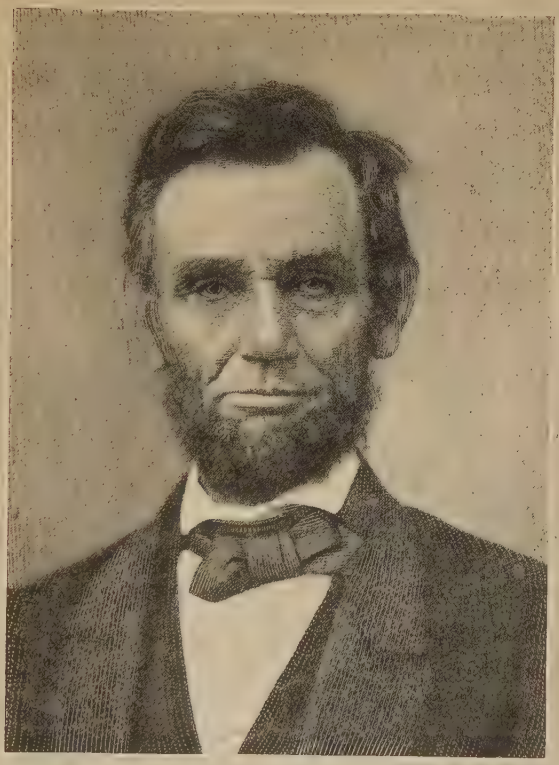
HENRY WATTERSON

Amid the noise and confusion, the clashing of intellects like sabers bright, and the booming of the big oratorical guns of the North and the South, now definitely arrayed, there came one day into the Northern camp one of the oddest figures imaginable; the figure of a man who, in spite of an appearance somewhat at outs with Hogarth's line of beauty, wore a serious aspect, if not an air of command, and, pausing to utter a single sentence that might be heard above the din, passed on and for a moment disappeared. The sentence was pregnant with meaning. The man bore a commission from God on high! He said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half free and half slave. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided." He was Abraham Lincoln.

How shall I describe him to you? Shall I speak of him as I first saw him immediately on his arrival in the national capitol, the chosen President of the United States, his appearance quite as strange as the story of his life, which was then but half known

and half told, or shall I use the words of another and a more graphic word-painter?

In January, 1861, Colonel A. K. McClure, of Pennsylvania, journeyed to Springfield, Illinois, to meet and confer with the man he had done so much to elect, but whom he had never personally known. "I went directly from the depot to Lincoln's house," says Colonel McClure, "and rang the bell, which was answered by Lincoln himself opening the door. I doubt whether I wholly concealed my disappointment at meeting him. Tall, gaunt, ungainly, ill-clad, with a homeliness of manner that was unique in itself, I confess that my heart sank within me as I remembered that this was the man chosen by a great nation to become its ruler in the gravest period of its history. I remember his dress as if it were but yesterday — snuff-colored and slouchy pantaloons; open black vest, held by a few brass buttons; straight or evening dress-coat, with tightly fitting sleeves to exaggerate his long, bony arms, all supplemented by an awkwardness that was uncommon among men of intelligence. Such was the picture I met in the person of Abraham Lincoln. We sat down in his plainly furnished parlor, and were uninterrupted during the nearly four hours I remained with him; and, little by little, as his earnestness, sincerity, and candor were developed in conversation, I forgot all the grotesque qualities which so confounded me when I first greeted him. Before half an hour had



Abraham Lincoln

passed, I learned not only to respect, but, indeed, to reverence the man."

A graphic portrait, truly, and not unlike. I recall him, two months later, a little less uncouth, a little better dressed, but in singularity and in angularity much the same. All the world now takes an interest in every detail that concerned him, or that relates to the weird tragedy of his life and death.

And who was this peculiar being, destined in his mother's arms — for cradle he had none — so profoundly to affect the future of human-kind? He has told us himself, in words so simple and unaffected, so idiomatic and direct, that we can neither misread them, nor improve upon them. Answering one who, in 1859, had asked him for some biographic particulars, Abraham Lincoln wrote:

"I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families — second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks. . . . My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. . . .

"My father (Thomas Lincoln) at the death of his father was but six years of age. By the early death

of his father, and the very narrow circumstances of his mother, he was, even in childhood, a wandering, laboring boy, and grew up literally without education. He never did more in the way of writing than bunglingly to write his own name. . . . He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. . . . It was a wild region, with many bears and other animals still in the woods. . . . There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three.' If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. . . . Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three. But that was all. . . . The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

"I was raised to farm work . . . till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem . . . where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War; and I was elected captain of a volunteer company, a success that gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went the campaign, was elated, ran for the Legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten — the only

time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next, and three succeeding biennial elections, I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During the legislative period I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was elected to the lower house of Congress. Was not a candidate for reëlection. From 1849 to 1854, inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again.

"If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said that I am in height six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected."

. . . . . .

I am not undertaking to deliver an oral biography of Abraham Lincoln, and shall pass over the events which quickly led up to his nomination and election to the Presidency in 1860.

I met the newly elected President the afternoon of the day in the early morning of which he had arrived in Washington. It was a Saturday, I think. He came to the capitol under Mr. Seward's escort, and, among the rest, I was presented to him. His

appearance did not impress me as fantastically as it had impressed Colonel McClure. I was more familiar with the Western type than Colonel McClure; and while Mr. Lincoln was certainly not an Adonis, even after prairie ideals, there was about him a dignity that commanded respect.

I met him again the forenoon of March 4th in his apartment at Willard's Hotel, as he was preparing to start to his inauguration, and was touched by his unaffected kindness; for I came with a matter requiring his immediate attention. He was entirely self-possessed; no trace of nervousness; and very obliging. I accompanied the cortège that passed from the Senate chamber to the vast portico of the capitol; and, as Mr. Lincoln removed his hat to face the vast multitude in front and below, I extended my hand to receive it, but Judge Douglas, just beside me, reached over my outstretched arm and took the hat, holding it throughout the delivery of the inaugural address. I stood near enough to the speaker's elbow not to obstruct any gestures he might make, though he made but few; and then it was that I began to comprehend something of the power of the man.

He delivered that inaugural address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. Firm, resonant, earnest, it announced the coming of a man; of a leader of men; and in its ringing tones and elevated style, the gentlemen he had invited to

become members of his political family — each of whom thought himself a bigger man than his master — might have heard the voice and seen the hand of a man born to command. Whether they did or not, they very soon ascertained the fact. From the hour Abraham Lincoln crossed the threshold of the White House to the hour he went thence to his death, there was not a moment when he did not dominate the political and military situation and all his official subordinates. . . .

And what was the mysterious power of this mysterious man, and whence?

His was the genius of common-sense; of common-sense in action; of common-sense in thought; of common-sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear. "He was a common man," says his friend, Joshua Speed, "expanded into giant proportions; well acquainted with the people, he placed his hand on the beating pulse of the nation, judged of its disease, and was ready with a remedy." Inspired he was truly, as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; as Burns was inspired; each, like him, sprung directly from the people.

I look into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, tells the story of his life, and I see a little heart-broken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial. I see this motherless lad growing to manhood amid scenes that

seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teachers; no books; no chart, except his own untutored mind; no compass, except his own undisciplined will; no light, save light from Heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always toward the destined land. I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions; of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown at length as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of the imagination and give itself wholly to the work-a-day uses of the world; the rearing of children; the earning of bread; the multiplied duties of life. I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was not his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fellows with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided. I see him, the preferred among his fellows, ascend the eminence reserved for him, and him alone of all the statesmen of the time, amid the derision of opponents and the distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved, because thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency. The same being, from first to last; the poor child weeping over a dead mother; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war; flinching never

from duty, nor changing his life-long ways of dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurried him onward. And, last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, I see him lying dead there in the capitol of the nation, to which he had rendered "the last, full measure of his devotion," the flag of his country around him, the world in mourning, and, asking myself how could any man have hated that man, I ask you, how can any man refuse his homage to his memory?

From an Address delivered at Lincoln Union, Auditorium, Chicago, February 12, 1895.

LETTER TO A BROTHER

Springfield, January 2, 1851.

Dear Brother: — Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times I have helped you a little you have said: "We can get along very well now," but in a short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen through some defect in you. What that defect is I think I know. You are not lazy, and still you are an idler. I doubt whether since I saw you you have done a good, whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you you get

enough for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty. It is vastly important to you, and still more to your children, that you break the habit. . . .

You are now in need of some money, and what I propose is that you shall go to work, "tooth and nail," for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys take charge of your things at home, prepare for a crop and make the crop, and you go to work for the best money wages you can get, or in discharge of any debt you owe, and, to secure you a fair reward for your labor, I promise you that for every dollar you will get for your labor between this and the 1st of May, either in money, or in your indebtedness, I will then give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself for ten dollars a month, from me you will get ten dollars more, making twenty dollars. . . .

In this I do not mean that you shall go off to St. Louis or the lead mines in Missouri, or the gold mines in California, but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close to home in Coles County. If you will do this you will soon be out of debt, and, what is better, you will have acquired a habit which will keep you from getting in debt again. But if I should now clear you out of debt, next year you would be just as deep in debt as ever.

You say you would almost give your place in

Heaven for seventy or eighty dollars? Then you value your place in Heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make, get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work.

You say if I will lend you the money, you will deed me the land, and, if you don't pay the money back, you will deliver possession. Nonsense! If you cannot now live with the land, how will you then live without it?

You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth eighty times eighty dollars to you.

Affectionately your brother,

A. Lincoln.

THE GETTYSBURG SPEECH

Dedication of the Field of Gettysburg, November 19, 1863

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final

resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, — that, from these honored dead, we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

George Eliot

GEORGE ELIOT

Mary Ann Evans (or Marian, as she called herself in her later life) was the daughter of a sturdy, intelligent Englishman of Warwickshire. He had been a carpenter and builder and was the manager of a large estate in his neighborhood. There were several children in the Evans family. One of them was Isaac, a strong-willed but loving boy. The small Mary Ann used to romp and quarrel with Isaac all day long, to the horror of her relatives, who thought that she ought to be a prim and quiet little girl like her sister Chrissey. Isaac was very good to her in his rough boyish way; and one of the happiest memories of her life was the delight of playing with him and taking part in boyish sports. In her series of poems called "Brother and Sister" she says, after speaking of the fun she had shared with Isaac, —

> But were another childhood world my share,
> I would be born a little sister there.

Isaac Evans is certainly the Tom Tulliver of "The Mill on the Floss." And Mary Ann, like Maggie, really did cut off her hair in a fit of anger; and she did run away and have an adventure with the gypsies. She was often miserable, too; for her heedlessness and stormy temper were always getting her into trouble.

Griff House, where the Evans family lived, was an attractive, old-fashioned house of red brick, covered with masses of ivy. The surrounding landscape was as beautiful as any in England, with its wide, rolling pasture lands, its winding rivers, and its groves of fine old oaks. In these days of railroads and telegraphs, it is hard to realize how far a place like Griff was from the world of business and society. The only event of the day was the arrival of the stage-coach on its way from Birmingham. Isaac and Mary Ann used to wait at the edge of the road on cold mornings to see the coach come whirling into view, with the coachman gay in scarlet, and the passengers grimly muffled in their furs, and the big gray horses swinging along over the frozen highway. A day arrived when the little girl herself became one of the passengers — not a grim one, but a very wide-eyed, excited one; for she was going away to school. And after that, she spent many years away, happy with her books. She was shy and awkward, while she was growing up; but she had pleasant gray eyes and a soft voice, and she was such an interesting talker that, before they had known her long, her schoolmates were striving with one another to walk by her side.

When Mrs. Evans died, Mary Ann, then sixteen, took charge of the house. She did almost every kind of housework, and made quantities of preserves and jellies, as well as hundreds of pounds of butter

and cheese. In later times she was fond of showing that her right hand was wider than her left, because of the long use to which it had been put in the labor of churning and cheese-pressing.

She was twenty-one, when her father and she moved to Foleshill, near Coventry. Here she could have lessons with good teachers, and could meet people who liked books as much as she did. She studied Greek, Latin, and even a little Hebrew, and at the same time increased her knowledge of French, German, and Italian, which she had studied before. She met some cultured people who gave her the help and encouragement that she needed — for she was over-modest, and never dared to believe that she could do anything worth while. It was through them that she met Emerson, then making his second visit to England. She spent a glorious day listening to him and admiring his air of quiet goodness. Long afterward she wrote of him, "My heart goes out with venerating gratitude to that mild face, which I dare say is smiling on someone as beneficently as it one day did on me, years and years ago."

Marian Evans had always hoped to be able to write well herself. So, after a trip to Italy and a cheerful winter in Switzerland, she settled in London and began to write in earnest. She succeeded very well; her articles were accepted by the best magazines. But it was not until she was thirty-five that she thought seriously of writing stories. Her husband,

George Henry Lewes, himself a noted scientist and author, encouraged her to write two or three short stories about some things that had happened near her home when she was a little girl in Warwickshire. She published these under the name "George Eliot." There were several reasons why she did not use her own name: she had an idea that editors and publishers would be more likely to think well of a man's story than of a woman's; and she was afraid that the stories were not good, and that she might be ashamed of having written them. She chose the George because that was Mr. Lewes's name, and Eliot because it was "a good, mouth-filling, easily-pronounced word." Even the publishers were deceived, and one of them wrote to Mr. Lewes, "I am glad to hear that your friend is, as I supposed, a clergyman." He had misunderstood something that Lewes had written about the mysterious author of the stories, which were called "Scenes from Clerical Life." After a man who lived near Griff had tried to make people believe that he was the real author of the "Scenes," George Eliot let herself be known; but she kept on using her assumed name.

Into her earlier stories and novels she wove many experiences of her own childhood; and her kinsfolk, and numbers of the plain country folk that she had known, appeared in amusing or strange or distressing situations. Her aunt, who was a Methodist preacher, had related some interesting occurrences in

her own life; those, and the aunt as well, went into the fabric of "Adam Bede." And her father's reminiscences of his early days at carpentering supplied part of the setting for Adam Bede himself. A bent, near-sighted old weaver, whom she used to see plodding through the fields with his bundle of flax or linen on his back, she made the miser-hero of "Silas Marner." And it was the treasured recollections of her good times and her troubles at Griff House with her brother Isaac that gave her the material for her best novel, "The Mill on the Floss."

The scene of "The Mill on the Floss" is Lincolnshire, however, not Warwickshire, though perhaps some favorite spots of George Eliot's home country were transferred, as it were, to the scene. The river Floss is the Trent, which is liable to freshets and floods. George Eliot deliberately searched for a region that would suit her purpose; for, from the beginning, she had in mind that last chapter of the story. Lucy Deane is copied after her own sister Chrissey; and Mrs. Deane, Mrs. Glegg, and Mrs. Pullet are said to have been more or less copies of her maternal aunts. But we are warned against thinking that the story of Maggie's childhood is in any part whatever exactly the story of her own. She began the book in 1859 and finished it the next year, and its success was way beyond even her biggest hopes for it.

There is a great deal of humor throughout George Eliot's books, which appears mostly in the speech of the country folk — often in quaint, sensible proverbs in which they "speak their minds" when provoked to that. Here are some of these bits of village wisdom: —

"If you could make a pudding by thinking o' the batter, it 'd be easy getting dinner."

"You make but a poor trap to catch luck, if you go and bait it wi' wickedness."

"Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' day, but because there 's summat wrong i' their own inside."

"There 'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell, if the bell could hear itself."

"It 's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient."

George Eliot was a great woman. She had a wonderful mind, and she was deeply interested in people and their problems. One has to be pretty well grown up before he can see all that she meant to bring out in her books. But the books can be read many times and enjoyed each time more and more. No matter how often we read them, we shall still find in them something new.

A LITTLE TRAGEDY

Maggie always looked twice as dark as usual when she was by the side of Lucy.

She did to-day, when she and Tom came in from the garden with their father and their Uncle Glegg. Maggie had thrown her bonnet off very carelessly, and, coming in with her hair rough as well as out of curl, rushed at once to Lucy, who was standing by her mother's knee. Certainly the contrast between the cousins was conspicuous, and, to superficial eyes, was very much to the disadvantage of Maggie, though a connoisseur might have seen "points" in her which had a higher promise for maturity than Lucy's natty completeness. It was like the contrast between a rough, dark, overgrown puppy and a white kitten. Lucy put up the neatest little rosebud mouth to be kissed: everything about her was neat — her little round neck, with the row of coral beads; her little straight nose, not at all snubby; her little clear eyebrows, rather darker than her curls, to match her hazel eyes, which looked up with shy pleasure at Maggie, taller by the head, though scarcely a year older. Maggie always looked at Lucy with delight. She was fond of fancying a world where the people never got any larger than children of their own age, and she made the queen of it just like Lucy, with a

little crown on her head, and a little scepter in her hand — only the queen was Maggie herself in Lucy's form.

"O Lucy," she burst out, after kissing her, "you 'll stay with Tom and me, won't you? Oh kiss her, Tom."

Tom, too, had come up to Lucy, but he was not going to kiss her — no; he came up to her with Maggie, because it seemed easier, on the whole, than saying, "How do you do?" to all those aunts and uncles: he stood looking at nothing in particular, with the blushing, awkward air and semi-smile which are common to shy boys when in company — very much as if they had come into the world by mistake, and found it in a degree of undress that was quite embarrassing.

"Heyday!" said Aunt Glegg, with loud emphasis. "Do little boys and gells come into a room without taking notice o' their uncles and aunts? That was n't the way when *I* was a little gell."

"Go and speak to your aunts and uncles, my dears," said Mrs. Tulliver, looking anxious and melancholy. She wanted to whisper to Maggie a command to go and have her hair brushed.

"Well, and how do you do? And I hope you 're good children, are you?" said Aunt Glegg, in the same loud emphatic way, as she took their hands, hurting them with her large rings, and kissing their cheeks much against their desire. "Look up, Tom,

look up. Boys as go to boarding-schools should hold their heads up. Look at me now." Tom declined that pleasure apparently, for he tried to draw his hand away. "Put your hair behind your ears, Maggie, and keep your frock on your shoulder."

Aunt Glegg always spoke to them in this loud emphatic way, as if she considered them deaf, or perhaps rather idiotic: it was a means, she thought, of making them feel that they were accountable creatures, and might be a salutary check on naughty tendencies. Bessy's children were so spoiled — they 'd need have somebody to make them feel their duty.

"Well, my dears," said Aunt Pullet, in a compassionate voice, "you grow wonderful fast. I doubt they 'll outgrow their strength," she added, looking over their heads, with a melancholy expression, at their mother. "I think the gell has too much hair. I 'd have it thinned and cut shorter, sister, if I was you: it is n't good for her health. It 's that as makes her skin so brown, I should n't wonder. Don't you think so, Sister Deane?"

"I can't say, I 'm sure, sister," said Mrs. Deane, shutting her lips close again, and looking at Maggie with a critical eye.

"No, no," said Mr. Tulliver, "the child 's healthy enough — there 's nothing ails her There 's red wheat as well as white, for that matter, an' some like the dark grain best. But it 'ud be as well if

Bessy 'ud have the child's hair cut, so as it 'ud lie smooth."

A dreadful resolve was gathering in Maggie's breast, but it was arrested by the desire to know from her Aunt Deane whether she would leave Lucy behind: Aunt Deane would hardly ever let Lucy come to see them. . . .

"Maggie," said Mrs. Tulliver, beckoning Maggie to her, and whispering in her ear, as soon as this point of Lucy's staying was settled, "go and get your hair brushed — do, for shame. I told you not to come in without going to Martha first; you know I did."

"Tom, come out with me," whispered Maggie, pulling his sleeve as she passed him; and Tom followed willingly enough.

"Come upstairs with me, Tom," she whispered, when they were outside the door. "There 's something I want to do before dinner."

"There 's no time to play at anything before dinner," said Tom, whose imagination was impatient of any intermediate prospect.

"Oh yes, there is time for this — *do* come, Tom."

Tom followed Maggie upstairs into her mother's room, and saw her go at once to a drawer, from which she took out a large pair of scissors.

"What are they for, Maggie?" said Tom, feeling his curiosity awakened

Maggie answered by seizing her front locks and

cutting them straight across the middle of her forehead.

"Oh, my buttons, Maggie, you 'll catch it!" exclaimed Tom; "you 'd better not cut any more off."

Snip! went the great scissors again while Tom was speaking; and he could n't help feeling it was rather good fun: Maggie would look so queer.

"Here, Tom, cut it behind for me," said Maggie, excited by her own daring, and anxious to finish the deed.

"You 'll catch it, you know," said Tom, nodding his head in an admonitory manner, and hesitating a little as he took the scissors.

"Never mind — make haste!" said Maggie, giving a little stamp with her foot. Her cheeks were quite flushed.

The black locks were so thick — nothing could be more tempting to a lad who had already tasted the forbidden pleasure of cutting the pony's mane. I speak to those who know the satisfaction of making a pair of shears meet through a duly resisting mass of hair. One delicious grinding snip, and then another and another, and the hinder locks fell heavily on the floor, and Maggie stood cropped in a jagged, uneven manner, but with a sense of clearness and freedom, as if she had emerged from a wood into the open plain.

"O Maggie," said Tom, jumping round her, and slapping his knees as he laughed, "oh, my buttons,

what a queer thing you look! Look at yourself in the glass — you look like the idict we throw out nut-shells to at school."

Maggie felt an unexpected pang. She had thought beforehand chiefly of her own deliverance from her teasing hair and teasing remarks about it, and something also of the triumph she should have over her mother and her aunts by this very decided course of action: she did n't want her hair to look pretty — that was out of the question — she only wanted people to think her a clever little girl, and not to find fault with her. But now, when Tom began to laugh at her, and say she was like the idiot, the affair had quite a new aspect. She looked in the glass, and still Tom laughed and clapped his hands, and Maggie's flushed cheeks began to pale, and her lips to tremble a little.

"O Maggie, you 'll have to go down to dinner directly," said Tom. "Oh my!"

"Don't laugh at me, Tom," said Maggie, in a passionate tone, with an outburst of angry tears, stamping, and giving him a push.

"Now, then, spitfire!" said Tom. "What did you cut it off for, then? I shall go down: I can smell the dinner going in."

He hurried downstairs and left poor Maggie to that bitter sense of the irrevocable which was almost an everyday experience of her small soul. She could see clearly enough, now the thing was done, that it was very foolish, and that she should have to hear

and think more about her hair than ever; for Maggie rushed to her deeds with passionate impulse, and then saw not only their consequences, but what would have happened if they had not been done, with all the detail and exaggerated circumstance of an active imagination. Tom never did the same sort of foolish things as Maggie, having a wonderful instinctive discernment of what would turn to his advantage or disadvantage; and so it happened, that though he was much more willful and inflexible than Maggie, his mother hardly ever called him naughty. But if Tom did make a mistake of that sort, he espoused it, and stood by it: he "did n't mind." If he broke the lash of his father's gig-whip by lashing the gate, he could n't help it — the whip should n't have got caught in the hinge. If Tom Tulliver whipped a gate, he was convinced, not that the whipping of gates by all boys was a justifiable act, but that he, Tom Tulliver, was justifiable in whipping that particular gate, and he was n't going to be sorry. But Maggie, as she stood crying before the glass, felt it impossible that she should go down to dinner and endure the severe eyes and severe words of her aunts, while Tom, and Lucy, and Martha, who waited at table, and perhaps her father and her uncles, would laugh at her, — for if Tom had laughed at her, of course every one else would; and if she had only let her hair alone, she could have sat with Tom and Lucy, and had the apricot-pudding and the custard!

What could she do but sob? She sat as helpless and despairing among her black locks as Ajax among the slaughtered sheep. . . .

"Miss Maggie, you 're to come down this minute," said Kezia entering the room hurriedly. "Lawks! what have you been a-doing? I niver *see* such a fright!"

"Don't, Kezia," said Maggie, angrily. "Go away!"

"But I tell you, you 're to come down, Miss, this minute: your mother says so," said Kezia, going up to Maggie and taking her by the hand to raise her from the floor.

"Get away, Kezia; I don't want any dinner," said Maggie, resisting Kezia's arm. "I shan't come."

"Oh, well, I can't stay. I've got to wait at dinner," said Kezia, going out again.

"Maggie, you little silly," said Tom, peeping into the room ten minutes after, "why don't you come and have your dinner? There 's lots o' goodies, and mother says you 're to come. What are you crying for, you little spooney?"

Oh, it was dreadful! Tom was so hard and unconcerned; if *he* had been crying on the floor, Maggie would have cried too. And there was the dinner, so nice; and she was *so* hungry. It was very bitter.

But Tom was not altogether hard. He was not inclined to cry, and did not feel that Maggie's grief spoiled his prospect of the sweets; but he went and

put his head near her, and said in a lower, comforting tone, —

"Won't you come, then, Magsie? Shall I bring you a bit o' pudding when I've had mine? — and a custard and things?"

"Ye-e-es," said Maggie, beginning to feel life a little more tolerable.

"Very well," said Tom, going away. But he turned again at the door and said, "But you'd better come, you know. There's the dessert — nuts, you know — and cowslip wine."

Maggie's tears had ceased, and she looked reflective as Tom left her. His good-nature had taken off the keenest edge of her suffering, and nuts with cowslip wine began to assert their legitimate influence.

Slowly she rose from amongst her scattered locks, and slowly she made her way downstairs. Then she stood leaning with one shoulder against the frame of the dining-parlor door, peeping in when it was ajar. She saw Tom and Lucy with an empty chair between them, and there were the custards on a side table — it was too much. She slipped in and went towards the empty chair. But she had no sooner sat down than she repented, and wished herself back again.

Mrs. Tulliver gave a little scream as she saw her, and felt such a "turn" that she dropt the large gravy-spoon into the dish with the most serious results to the tablecloth. For Kezia had not betrayed the reason of Maggie's refusal to come down, not liking to

give her mistress a shock in the moment of carving, and Mrs. Tulliver thought there was nothing worse in question than a fit of perverseness, which was inflicting its own punishment by depriving Maggie of half her dinner.

Mrs. Tulliver's scream made all eyes turn towards the same point as her own, and Maggie's cheeks and ears began to burn, while Uncle Glegg, a kind-looking, white-haired old gentleman, said, —

"Heyday! what little gell's this — why, I don't know her. Is it some little gell you've picked up in the road, Kezia?"

"Why, she's gone and cut her hair herself," said Mr. Tulliver in an undertone to Mr. Deane, laughing with much enjoyment. "Did you ever know such a little hussy as it is?"

"Why, little miss, you've made yourself look very funny," said Uncle Pullet, and perhaps he never in his life made an observation which was felt to be so lacerating.

"Fie, for shame!" said Aunt Glegg, in her loudest, severest tone of reproof. "Little gells as cut their own hair should be whipped and fed on bread and water — not come and sit down with their aunts and uncles."

"Ay, ay," said Uncle Glegg, meaning to give a playful turn to this denunciation, "she must be sent to jail, I think, and they'll cut the rest of her hair off there, and make it all even."

"She 's more like a gypsy nor ever," said Aunt Pullet, in a pitying tone; "it 's very bad luck, sister, as the gell should be so brown — the boy 's fair enough. I doubt it 'll stand in her way i' life to be so brown."

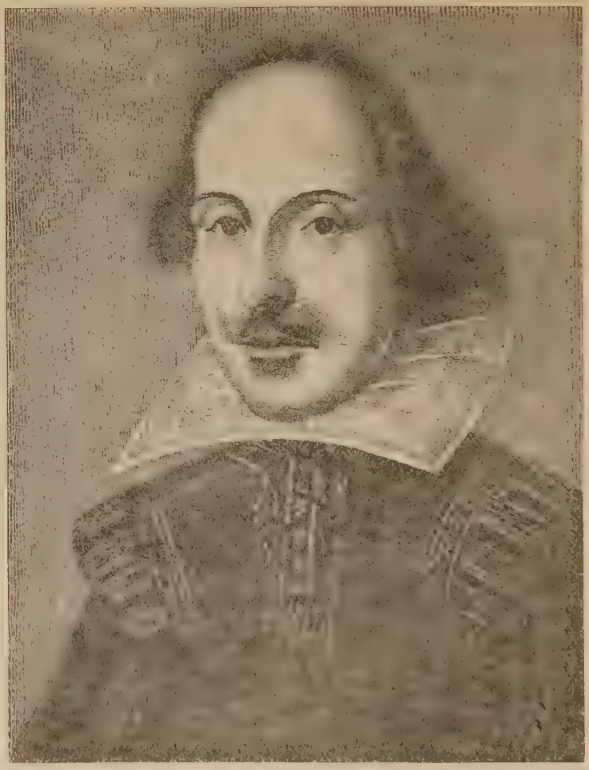
"She 's a naughty child, as 'll break her mother's heart," said Mrs. Tulliver, with the tears in her eyes.

Maggie seemed to be listening to a chorus of reproach and derision. Her first flush came from anger, which gave her a transient power of defiance, and Tom thought she was braving it out, supported by the recent appearance of the pudding and custard. Under this impression, he whispered, "Oh my! Maggie, I told you you 'd catch it." He meant to be friendly, but Maggie felt convinced that Tom was rejoicing in her ignominy. Her feeble power of defiance left her in an instant, her heart swelled, and, getting up from her chair, she ran to her father, hid her face on his shoulder, and burst out into loud sobbing.

"Come, come, my wench," said her father, soothingly, putting his arm round her, "never mind; you was i' the right to cut it off if it plagued you; give over crying: father 'll take your part."

Delicious words of tenderness! Maggie never forgot any of these moments when her father "took her part"; she kept them in her heart, and thought of them long years after.

From "The Mill on the Floss."



William Shakespeare

This portrait of Shakespeare is from the original used by Martin Droeshout for the first edition of Shakespeare's collected plays, known as the Folio of 1623.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

On the banks of the winding Avon, in the midst of the flowering meadows of Warwickshire in England, is the little town of Stratford. It is a comely little place: rows of quaint old houses on the street, and, roundabout, thatched cottages and mellow gardens snugly hedged. The stone church with the tall spire that thrusts its pointed shadow down into the Avon, the town hall, the guild hall, and the grammar school stand just as they stood in the days of good Queen Bess and long before. It is a place of pilgrimage, this little Stratford — the eyes of the world have singled it out. And why? Well, to begin with, — though this is not the beginning of our story, — in the year 1597 a prosperous English gentleman came up from London, bought New Place, the largest house in Stratford, repaired it, and shortly after settled there for the rest of his prosperous life. The eyes of London must oftentimes have turned to Stratford then, for the gentleman was the popular actor, playwright, and poet, Mr. William Shakespeare.

Stratford was not new to Mr. Shakespeare. It had been his birthplace and boyhood home. His parents were still living there; and his wife, and his two daughters Susanna and Judith, and his boy Hamnet who had died the year before, had been liv-

ing there most, if not all, of the time that he had been in London. Had there been reporters in Shakespeare's day, or had Shakespeare given time to letter-writing, we might know something more about the greatest dramatist in the world. But, happily or unhappily, reporters had not been invented; nor did any one immediately after his death undertake to write his biography. The records of the parish church at Stratford tell us that he was baptized April 26, 1564; and it is not unlikely that this was, according to custom, when he was three days old — but his birth is not recorded. His father was John Shakespeare, a dealer in farm produce and, in Shakespeare's boyhood, High Bailiff of the town. His mother was Mary Arden, daughter of a well-to-do farmer and land-owner of the neighborhood. Doubtless Shakespeare grew up just as most boys do — attended the grammar school in Stratford and went eagerly to every "show" that came along. He had opportunity to see plays and players; for strolling companies frequently passed that way, and some of the better companies from London "on tour." When he was a small boy, his father, as High Bailiff, had officially welcomed the actors of the Queen's Company and the Earl of Worcester's Company; and one year four companies set up their plays in the old town hall. There were religious plays on festival days, though these were dying out, and pageants of the crafts and guilds; and it may be

that when he was eleven years old he went to see the magnificent outdoor pageant in honor of Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth Castle not far away, for in one of his plays he alludes to it.

He was about nineteen when he married Anne Hathaway, who lived in one of the thatched cottages in the hamlet of Shottery across the fields; and sometime within the next five years he went to London — probably because of his interest in the stage, though an old tradition says that it was because he had been caught in a gay frolic of deer poaching in the park belonging to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote Hall, and that Sir Thomas was making the neighborhood a little too hot for him. There may be truth in the story, for in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" there is a slurring allusion to Sir Thomas's coat of arms — or so it is thought to be. But Sir Thomas or no Sir Thomas, Will Shakespeare must have sought London sooner or later. The theaters were there; lords and ladies in silks and satins and ruffs were there; the bejeweled Queen and her court were there. All the City, from the grim Tower of London on the east to Temple Gate on the west, and beyond to the great West Minster, spoke the glory of England's past; and the bustle and stir of the streets, Drake's Golden Hind in the river and Raleigh's fleet, were just the excitement needed by such an imagination as Shakespeare had.

Within seven years at most after his reaching London, Shakespeare was well known as an actor and had begun to write. He acted principal parts in the plays of his famous friend Ben Jonson, and took minor parts, it is said, in some of his own. How carefully he considered the art of acting, you may know from Hamlet's speech to the players (*Hamlet*, Act iii, Scene 2). When Shakespeare went to London, there were but two playhouses; when he retired from the stage, there were at least five, and in one of these, the Globe, he was a stockholder. His own work as a playwright was varied. Apparently, at first, he experimented, making over plays that had already been performed, and doing a few of every kind — comedy, and tragedy, and historical plays like "King John." Then, as he grew more sure, he took old romances, chiefly from Italian writers of the century before, and used their plots for the plots of his plays. That was the way he worked up "The Merchant of Venice" and "As You Like It." He wrote most of his comedies while he was an actor on the stage, and most of his tragedies as he grew older and felt more and more how disastrous sin and crime are, not only to a man's fortune, but to his soul. It is Shakespeare's portrayal of character that makes his plays so marvelous — not the wit and brilliancy, or the sweetness, of his lines; not the wonderful use he makes of his observation of trades and crafts and professions; not the variety of his characters and

scenes and incidents; or the ingenuity of the story, — though his plays are famed for all of these. His people are real people; that is why they interest us.

At Shakespeare's death in Stratford, April 23, 1616, he was buried beneath the chancel of the church; and a few years later a tablet with a portrait bust was placed in the wall above. The one that stands there now, showing a well-rounded head with short pointed beard, is not the original one; our only authentic portrait of Shakespeare is that by Martin Droeshout, and that is far from life-like. We must make a portrait of our own, as our poet Aldrich has: —

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge, his frequent way —
They little knew what man he was.

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw, or might have seen —
But not the light behind the brow.

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 't was the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are moldered, half-remembered things —
'T is he alone that lives and reigns!

ARTHUR PLEADS WITH HUBERT

SCENE: *a room in a castle in England.*
TIME: *about the year 1200, in the reign of John, King of England.*

ARTHUR, NEPHEW OF THE KING.
HUBERT DE BURGH, JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.
FIRST EXECUTIONER.
SECOND EXECUTIONER.

[*Enter* HUBERT *and* EXECUTIONERS.]

HUB. Heat me these irons hot, and look thou stand
Within the arras. When I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair. Be heedful. Hence, and watch.

1ST EXEC. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUB. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you. Look to 't. (*Exeunt Executioners.*)
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

[*Enter* ARTHUR.]

ARTH. Good morrow, Hubert.

HUB. Good morrow, little prince.

ARTH. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.
HUB. Indeed, I have been merrier.
ARTH. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I.
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
HUB. (*Aside.*) If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead;
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.
ARTH. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale today.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
HUB. (*Aside.*) His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. (*Showing a paper.*)
(*Aside.*) How now, foolish rheum!

Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

ARTH. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

HUB. Young boy, I must.

ARTH. And will you?

HUB. And I will.

ARTH. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, "What lack you?" and "Where lies your grief?"
Or "What good love may I perform for you?"
Many a poor man's son would have lien still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will;
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes,
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you?

HUB. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
ARTH. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him, — no tongue but Hubert's.
HUB. Come forth. (*Stamps.*)

[*Reënter* EXECUTIONERS, *with a cord, irons, etc.*]

Do as I bid you do.
ARTH. O, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
HUB. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
ARTH. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly.
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUB. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1ST EXEC. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. (*Exeunt Executioners.*)

ARTH. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

HUB. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTH. Is there no remedy?

HUB. None, but to lose your eyes.

ARTH. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUB. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

ARTH. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes.
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

From the painting by W. F. Yeames, R. A.

LET ME NOT HOLD MY TONGUE, LET ME NOT, HUBERT

HUB. I can heat it, boy.

ARTH. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes. See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

HUB. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTH. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

HUB. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTH. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguis'd.

HUB. Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.
I 'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure

That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

ARTH. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

HUB. Silence; no more. Go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. (*Exeunt.*)

King John, Act iv, Scene 1.

AMIENS'S SONG

Sung for the banished Duke in the Forest of Arden.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend rememb'red not.
Heigh-ho! sing, etc.

As You Like It, Act ii, Scene 7.

THE OPENING OF PORTIA'S ARGUMENT

In the Case of Shylock the Money-lender against the Merchant Antonio.

Scene: *a court of justice in Venice.*
Time: *probably the fourteenth century.*

Portia (a lady of Belmont, disguised as a lawyer).
Shylock. Antonio.

Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the sceptered sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

The Merchant of Venice, Act iv, Scene 1.

PROSPERO, AFTER THE REVELS

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—*The Tempest, Act iv, Scene 4.*

SUGGESTED READINGS

Selected and arranged by Frances Jenkins Olcott, formerly Chief of the Children's Department of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.

In and Out of a Cab in Amsterdam, p. 1. *Holland and the Dutch.*

Brave Little Holland, and What She Taught Us. (Griffis.)

"In love of liberty and bravery, in the defense of it, she has been our great example." — Benjamin Franklin.

The Reign of Queen Wilhelmina. (In Griffis. Young People's History of Holland.)

The coronation of the present queen.

The Siege of Leyden. (In Motley. Rise of the Dutch Republic.)

"Better a drowned land than a lost land, was the Dutch motto."

The Black Tulip. (Dumas.)

Tale of a prisoner of the Fortress of Loevestein.

Jacqueline of Holland. (In Brooks. Historic Girls.)

"The girl of the Land of Fogs."

My Arrival in Venice, p. 10. *The Queen of the Adriatic.*

Among the Fishermen. (Smith. Gondola Days.)

From a book describing many fascinating sides of Venetian life.

The Burden of Tyre. (In Ruskin. St. Mark's Rest.)

Of the Doge Michael of Venice.

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs. (In Byron. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, canto 4.)

Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee. (Wordsworth.)

Titian, and, A Group of Venetian Artists. (In Whitcomb. Young People's Story of Art.)

Palma Vecchio, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese.

Titian. (Hurll.)

Illustrated with sixteen reproductions of his pictures.

THE SONG OF THE OLD MOTHER, p. 16. *To the mother.*

"Oh, tell me, sailor, tell me true." (Alice Cary.)
The "Gray Swan."

O that those lips had language. (William Cowper.)
On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.

The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine. (Anonymous. In Cumnock School Speaker.)
The Knight's Toast.

Ah, dinna chide the mither! (M. E. Sangster.)

TURTLE EGGS FOR AGASSIZ, p. 18. *Turtles and their habits.*

The Old Sussex Turtle. (White. Natural History of Selborne, letter 50.)
In which Gilbert White captures him.

Tortoises. (In Bryden. Animals of Africa, page 172.)
Of many kinds.

The Turtle's Structure. (In Buckley. Winners in Life's Race, page 95.)
Of its shell and other parts.

A TROOP OF THE GUARD RIDES FORTH TO-DAY, p. 39. *To the rescue.*

Girt round with rugged mountains, the fair Lake Constance lies. (A. A. Procter. In Montgomery. Heroic Ballads.)
A Legend of Bregenz.

O, that last day in Lucknow Fort! (R. T. S. Lowell. In Emerson. Parnassus.)
The Relief of Lucknow.

THE MARCH OF THE FIRST BRIGADE, p. 40. *The hardships of marching.*

Hannibal Crosses the Alps. (In Morris. Hannibal, page 110.)

March of the Ten Thousand. (Xenophon. Anabasis.)

Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow. (In Watson. Napoleon, chapter 36.)

Coronado and the Exploration of New Mexico. (In Griffis. Romance of Discovery.)

RETURN, p. 53; RECESSIONAL, p. 54. *The Nation.*

Foreseen in the vision of sages. (Bayard Taylor. In Schauffler. Flag Day.)

Birth of the Nation. (In Fiske. War of Independence.)

Proclamation Appointing a National Fast Day. (In Lincoln. The Gettysburg Speech and Other Papers.)

What is the voice I hear. (Alfred Austin. In Stevenson. Poems of American History.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT, p. 57.

Poems. — Waken, lords and ladies gay. (Hunting Song.)
The Lady of the Lake.
The Lay of the Last Minstrel.
Marmion.

Romances. — Ivanhoe.
The Talisman.
Kenilworth.
Quentin Durward.

WASHINGTON IRVING, p. 87.

From The Alhambra: —
The Legend of the Rose of the Alhambra; The Legend of the Two Discreet Statues; The Legend of the Arabian Astrologer.

From The Sketch Book: —
The Legend of Sleepy Hollow; The Stage-coach; Christmas Eve; Stratford-on-Avon.

From Bracebridge Hall: —
The Hall; The Stout Gentleman; Ready-money Jack; May-day.

From The History of New York: —
Manners of Our Great, Great Grandfathers. (In chapter 3, book 3.)

From Life and Voyages of Columbus: —
Events of the First Voyage, and, First Landing of Columbus in the New World. (Chapters 10, 11.)

From Life of Oliver Goldsmith: —
Oliver's letter to his mother.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, p. 125.

Leatherstocking tales: — The Deerslayer.
The Last of the Mohicans.
The Pathfinder.
The Pioneer.
The Prairie.

The Spy.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, p. 145.

Poems. — It was many and many a year ago. (Annabel Lee.)
Hear the sledges with the bells. (The Bells.)
Ah, broken is the golden bowl. (Lenore.)
Gaily bedight. (Eldorado.)

Stories. — The Gold-bug.
The Purloined Letter.
Fall of the House of Usher.

BRET HARTE, p. 175.

Poems. — Coward, — of heroic size. (Grizzly.)
Blown out of the prairie in twilight and dew. (Coyote.)
By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting. (The Mountain Heart's Ease.)
I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James. (The Society Upon the Stanislaus.)
Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands. (The Reveille.)
Last night, above the whistling wind. (A Sanitary Message.)
Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting. (Dickens in Camp.)
They ran through the streets of the seaport town. (A Greyport Legend.)

Stories. — A Waif of the Plains.
Tennessee's Partner.
How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar.
Mliss.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, p. 199.

Poems. — My golden spurs now bring to me. (The Vision of Sir Launfal.)
Into the sunshine. (The Fountain.)
Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way. (To the Dandelion.)
"What fairings will ye that I bring?" (The Singing Leaves.)
When I was a beggarly boy. (Aladdin.)
The old Chief, feeling now wellnigh his end. (A Chippewa Legend.)
Ere pales in Heaven the morning star. (Phœbe.)

Prose. — My Garden Acquaintance.
A Moosehead Journal.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, p. 213.

Poems. — If I could put my woods in song. (My Garden.)
The word of the Lord by night. (Boston Hymn.)
A ruddy drop of manly blood. (Friendship.)
Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown. (Each and All.)
Ruby wine is drunk by knaves. (Heroism.)

Prose. — Considerations by the Way. (In The Conduct of Life.)
Abraham Lincoln. (In Miscellanies.)

DANIEL WEBSTER, p. 227.

The Character of Washington.
Adams and Jefferson.
First Bunker Hill Oration.
Reply to Hayne.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, p. 243.

About Lincoln: —

Life of Abraham Lincoln for Boys and Girls. (Moores.)
Abraham Lincoln, an Essay. (Schurz.)
O! Captain, my Captain! (Whitman.)
Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare. (Bryant.)

From Lincoln's Writings: —

First Inaugural Address.
Second Inaugural Address.
Reply to Douglas's Opening Speech.

GEORGE ELIOT, p. 257.

From The Mill on the Floss: —

Tom Comes Home. (Chapter 5, book 1.)
To Garum Firs; Maggie Behaves Worse Than She Expected; Maggie Tries to Run Away from her Shadow. (Chapters 9, 10, 11, book 1.)
The New Schoolfellow. (Chapter 3, book 2.)

Silas Marner.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, p. 275.

As You Like It. — The Forest of Arden, acts 2, 3.
Hamlet. — Laertes and Polonius, act 1, scene 3.
Henry V. — The English camp at Agincourt, act 4, scene 1.
King Henry and the Princess Katharine, act 5, scene 2.
Julius Cæsar. — The death of Cæsar, act 3.
King Lear. — The test, act 1, scene 1.
Goneril, act 1, scene 4.
Regan, act 2, scene 4.
Cordelia, act 4, scene 7.
Macbeth. — The witches, act 1, scenes 1, 3; act 3, scenes 4, 5.
The sleepwalking, act 5, scene 1.
Banquo's ghost, act 3, scene 3.
Merchant of Venice. — The bond, act 1, scene 3.
The caskets, act 3, scene 2.
The judgment, act 4.
Midsummer Night's Dream. — Titania and Oberon, acts 2, 3.
The Tempest. — The shipwreck, act 1.
Twelfth Night. — Malvolio, act 2, scene 5.

STUDY HELPS

In and Out of a Cab in Amsterdam, p. 1. Mr. Francis Hopkinson Smith was a mechanical engineer and contractor whose specialty was constructing sea-walls and lighthouses. He was also a landscape painter in water-colors, of wide repute; and the author of many sketches and novels. Why does Amsterdam interest artists? *low Dutch:* that spoken in the lowlands, or Holland; *high Dutch:* German, or the tongue of the higher land. Are these the meanings here? Explain the meaning, or the use here, of: *umbrella-staff* and *iron spike* (have you ever seen an artist painting out-of-doors?); *sphinx-like silence; Egyptian exterior; wharf-rats; sardonic grin; lose his license; constituents; quay.* Pronounce the last word. *its love for art and artists:* the Dutch painters of the 16th and 17th centuries were wonderfully skillful, and many of them are counted among the "Old Masters" of painting. Make up the speech that you think Mr. Smith made.

My Arrival in Venice, p. 10. Gather all the pictures that you can of Venice and learn something of its history. In what respect is Venice like Holland? In what many ways is it entirely different? What idea of the place would you get from this beggar alone? Explain *in all Venetian keeping.* Where else does the author repeat this notion of Venice? Is there any reason for his suspicion? Pronounce *gondolier; gondola.* Draw a picture of a gondola. Explain the appropriateness, or the meaning, of: *peerless strangeness; harsh, transalpine air; nocturnal advent; lugubrious; strait passages.* What do you gather about the customs of foreign hotels? How much is a *florin?* Imagine yourself taking this same trip in the morning in bright sunshine, and write, or tell, your impressions then. Mr. Howells is one of our greatest novelists, and now one of the oldest and most honored. He has written stories for children, also; have you read any?

The Song of the Old Mother, p. 16. We must imagine the Old Mother in a little thatched cottage in Ireland. Mr. Yeats is the great poet of Ireland, who has aroused new interest in the Irish people and their folk lore and traditions. The fire is probably of peat. Where is it laid? If it is kept alive from day to day, what is the *seed?* If you were answering the Mother, what would you say?

Unconquered, p. 17. This title is not the one originally given to the poem by Henley, who merely inscribed it to a friend, "R. T. H. B."

Sometimes it is called by the Latin word for unconquered, "Invictus." Henley died in 1903. He began life as a poor boy of the London streets, and his life was a battle with poverty, misfortune, and ill health. In his manhood he was a warm friend of Robert Louis Stevenson. *the pit:* the depths of misfortune. *the Pit:* the world of evil. Explain *strait the gate;* see Matthew 7: 13, 14. *scroll:* a roll of parchment or paper. In Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Christian is counseled to find the strait gate, through which the path leads to the Eternal City. He is given a parchment roll to carry with him, on which is written a warning of the wrath to come for him who turns aside into the way of evil. What do you think of the last six lines of this poem? Memorize the last two; they are famous. Why should they be? What different kinds of heroism are there?

Turtle Eggs for Agassiz, p. 18. Of what use is a book on turtles and their eggs? Why should a great scientist spend his time on such a subject? *The spring term:* Agassiz was a professor in Harvard College, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. *Yes, I would:* What do you think of this answer? Does the professor mean anything more than turtles when he says *take into account the turtle?* Why would old age never have gotten the eggs to Agassiz? *Mesozoic footprints:* The Mesozoic age was a period of time long before man appeared on earth; it has been called the Age of Reptiles, because those who study the rocks have found the prints of reptiles' feet made in the mud at that time — thousands of years ago. How did the young man *clear forty miles at a jump?* How does the author make you feel the hurry of the trip? Notice the description of the policeman at the bridge; do you like it? Why? *I am proud,* etc.: comment on this. What other stories by Mr. Sharp have you read?

Readers and Reading, p. 35. The history of books, or human records, is very curious and interesting. Have you seen an obelisk, or any other Egyptian form of record? Look up in an encyclopedia *obelisk, papyrus, Rosetta stone, books, printing,* etc. Where in the Bible do we hear of writing on tablets of stone? To-day, in Mohammedan mosques, one can see stone or clay tablets (in shape, like the head-stones of graves) carved with prayers or verses from the Koran, to be studied and used instead of religious books. The Indians traced on skins or hides, their picture-writing. What did the Greeks and Romans use? Have you seen a printing-press? The room where the type is set? A book bindery? Try to find out how your school books, for instance, are made. In which of these *three classes* do you belong? What has the *preface* in your earlier readers been called? How much

of Dr. Van Dyke's advice on reading have you already followed? Dr. Van Dyke is a clergyman who has lately been a professor of literature at Princeton University. He has written many beautiful stories and poems. Do you know any of them?

A Troop of the Guard, p. 39. Why is the troop mounting to go out (quote the line)? Who is saying, or thinking, *Will they live,* etc.? What do you understand by *to the pinnacle, to the deep?* Does the occasion on which the poem was read add any meaning to it? What line in the last stanza is the keynote to the poet's real meaning? At the end of this school year, will you *ride forth?* To what?

The March of the First Brigade, p. 40. The events here related are those just preceding the First Battle of Bull Run. *the eighteenth:* July, 1861. The Confederate troops were encamped in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia. *the 65th:* the 65th Virginia Infantry, under Colonel Valentine Brooke. The Southern commanders mentioned are: Generals T. J. Jackson ("Stonewall" Jackson, or *Old Jack*), Joseph E. Johnston (*Old Joe*), Beauregard, Bernard E. Bee, Bartow, and Arnold Elzey; Colonels Brooke and J. E. B. Stuart. *Bee:* It was General Bee who shouted at Bull Run, "There stands Jackson like a stone wall!" thus giving General Jackson his nickname. The Northern commanders mentioned are: General Robert Patterson; General Irvin McDowell, Commander of the Army of the Potomac. *Thunder Run:* a little river in Virginia; some of the important characters in the story come from near Thunder Run. *The long roll:* the rapid beating of the drum, used to call the troops together quickly. Why are parts of the selection printed in italics? *the Valley:* the Shenandoah Valley. *Charlestown:* in Virginia. Why were the men angry when they found they were going south instead of north? *Winchester:* a city in the Shenandoah Valley. Why were the people of Winchester so excited and scornful? *that thar Yank:* General Patterson. *Richard Cleave:* one of the chief characters in Miss Johnston's story. *General Johnston to the 65th:* The message is from General Johnston. *a terror to corn-cribs:* McDowell. *Captain Washington:* John Augustine Washington, then on the staff of General Robert E. Lee; he was killed the next September. He was descended from George Washington's brother and inherited the estate of Mount Vernon, but sold it to the Society that now has charge of it. *amusing General Patterson:* What is meant here? *Manassas:* the village in Virginia where the battle of Bull Run was fought. *days ago:* Is this accurate? *they felt older:* Why? *the cup:* the cup that gave them the taste of war. In this selection, how does the author make you feel the heat of the day? The cool-

ness after sunset? *With his cloak about him*, etc.: Do you get a glimpse of Jackson's character in this sentence? *the general:* Jackson. How does this selection make you feel about war? The author, a resident of Virginia, has written many novels of Southern life and the old Virginia Colony. Her sequel to "The Long Roll" is "Cease Firing."

RETURN, p. 53. Who are speaking? Which stanzas does the soldier speak? *the world at one:* agreeing, not divided by war. Why is there a comma after *living?* Explain *the cannon hailed the flags*, etc. *however much I pay*, etc.: Have we a right at any time to cease our efforts for good? *owe:* to whom, or to what? In the battle of life, how can we know who are our enemies? Is it harder for you to obey yourself or some one else? Why? What is the *wisdom* the boy has learned? The author of this poem lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She has written plays in verse, as well as songs like this.

RECESSIONAL, p. 54. This poem was written at the close of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, in 1897, which celebrated her sixty years' reign. There was great rejoicing over the prosperity and power of England. What is a *recessional?* Why is the title appropriate? *far-flung battle-line; palm and pine:* In what zones are the English dominions? What are they? She keeps some part of her standing army in each province or colony. *Lest we forget:* Lest we forget that we are *beneath* the *Hand* of God. *Thine ancient sacrifice:* Psalm 51:17. Here, *Lest we forget* what? *melt away:* the assembled fleets sailing back again to their stations, are lost in the distance. *sinks the fire:* The bonfires built for the celebration die out. *Nineveh and Tyre:* ruined cities of Asia, once very powerful; the Bible says that they were destroyed for their wickedness. Why is the refrain changed here to *Judge of the Nations? Forget* what? *Gentiles:* Here the phrase is symbolic only of all peoples who are not God-fearing. *reeking tube and iron shard:* cannon and bayonet. *All valiant dust:* Genesis 3:19; do we not build our civilization on what has gone before? *Thy Mercy:* that is, "We beseech Thy Mercy." Why did Kipling write the poem? What do you know about him? What else of his have you read?

SIR WALTER SCOTT, pp. 57–85. (1) In "Marmion" this ballad is sung by Lady Heron, the wife of Sir Hugh the Heron, to entertain King James the Fourth of Scotland. The chiefs of the hilly country to the west were noted for their hardihood. *Border:* the region where Scotland and England meet. *Esk:* a river running into Solway Firth. *Netherby:* the name of the bride's family. Does Lochinvar mean what he says in the fourth stanza? *Graemes, Forsters, Fenwicks, Musgraves:*

noble families in Scotland. Read the poem aloud, and make the story real. What other ballads do you know? (2) The minstrels, or wandering ballad-singers, grew fewer and fewer as the country became more civilized, and reading and printing grew common. They had been the news-carriers and historians, keeping alive, in their songs, the heroism of the country. Scotland was a poor country, and had few courts and entertainments; but in Southern lands, France and Italy, minstrels or troubadours were well repaid. Why does the minstrel say, *The wretch, concentered all in self?* Why *doubly dying?* (3) *Ashby:* in Leicestershire, England. The tournament is arranged by Prince John, who is acting-king while his brother, King Richard the Lion-hearted, is away, or thought to be still away. He had been captured on the Continent, while returning from the Crusades, and John was scheming with the French king to keep him still a prisoner. John favors the Normans (descendants of the Norman-French conquerors of England) against the Saxon party in the tournament. *Disinherited Knight:* a mysterious champion who had won in the tilts of the preceding days. *Brian de Bois-Guilbert:* a powerful and brutal Knight Templar; a Norman. *Lord of Coningsburgh:* the Saxon Athelstane. The Disinherited Knight, as victor, had the right to choose the Queen of Beauty for the last day of the tournament, and had named Cedric's daughter, Rowena. What lines in the story show you the character of Prince John? Do you want to read all of "Ivanhoe"?

Washington Irving, pp. 87–123. (1) Why should this tribute by Thackeray be especially gratifying to us? *Goldsmith:* a humorous writer of the 18th century, of Irish birth, who wrote delightful travel sketches (also poems and plays). *Gibbon:* an English historian of the same time. Macaulay was the famous historian in Irving's time. (2) *Dryburgh Abbey:* an ancient ruin on land formerly owned by Scott's ancestors, but later acquired by the Earl of Buchan. The Scotts retained the right of burial there, and Sir Walter's tomb is in the ruined abbey. *Thomas the Rhymer:* a Scottish poet of the 13th century said to have been carried away by the Queen of the Fairies, who kept him three years, and told him secrets of the future, so that he was famed afterwards as a true prophet. (Read Kipling's "Rhyme of True Thomas.") Imagine yourself Sir Walter and write a letter telling about Mr. Irving's visit. (3) Why does Irving begin with a description? *Fairy mountains:* Does this suggest the kind of story that is to follow? *Peter Stuyvesant:* Who was he? and what was the siege of Fort Christina? *Curtain lecture:* the scolding of a husband by his wife, at bedtime. Beds used to have curtains as a protection from cold and drafts. Why

does Rip *dodge* about the town? What is meant by *hanging on his skirts?* Say in other words *an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor?* Why does Irving use such a roundabout phrase? Why does he not describe Rip before describing the village? Do you blame Dame Van Winkle for scolding Rip? Why does the author keep telling about Dame Van Winkle's bad temper? *contents of his wallet:* his lunch, carried in a leather bag. What is the effect of the mysterious voice that calls out Rip's name? Why not have the strange man appear before he calls out? Who do you think he was? In the early days, white sugar was bought in large cone-shaped loaves, weighing nine or ten pounds. *laced doublet:* jacket fastened with lacers. Why are the strange men so dull and silent? How does Irving make you feel Rip's bewilderment? How does the name "Jonathan Doolittle" show the change that has taken place in the town? *a tall naked pole:* a liberty pole, having at its top a red cap, such as the goddess of Liberty is pictured as wearing. *Babylonish jargon:* The tower of Babel was at Babylon; see Genesis xi. The Dutch settlers generally spoke English. Then why did these words mystify Rip? Who were the *Federals* and the *Democrats? Anthony's Nose:* A projection of the Highlands, just above Stony Point. Does it seem natural that Rip should care so little about the change in the Government? How would you account for his experience on the mountain? Pick out from this story the phrases or paragraphs that amuse you most.

James Fenimore Cooper, pp. 125–143. Read, if you can, the introduction written by Susan Fenimore Cooper for "The Last of the Mohicans." It explains the story and tells the sources of Cooper's material. It is usually printed with the story. The time of the story is that of the siege of Fort William Henry in the French and Indian War, and the action takes place in that region. Major Duncan Heyward has entered the camp of the Huron Indians in order to find out where two young white women are, who have been captured by the savages. He is disguised as a juggler. While he is talking with the old men, a war party of Hurons comes into the camp with cries of triumph. *forming a lane:* The prisoners whom the party have brought back are to "run the gantlet." *two men:* two Indian prisoners. *a small painted post:* Of what advantage was this? *Lenape:* Lenni Lenape is another name for the Delaware, or Mohican, Indians. The Delawares and the Hurons were deadly enemies. *Uncas:* a brave and generous young Mohican; he is a friend to Duncan and has pledged himself to find the captive girls. How do the chiefs regard Uncas? Who was the other Indian who had been brought in by the warriors? Why does he now

enter the lodge? *the Delaware; the Mohican:* both, Uncas. *the scout:* Hawkeye, who was friendly with the Mohicans. *Yengeese:* the Indian name for the English. Were the Indians too severe with Reed-that-Bends? What Indian ideals are shown in Uncas?

Edgar Allan Poe, pp. 145–173. (1) The Maelstrom is a violent swirling current, off the west coast of Norway, near Moskoe, one of the Lofoden Islands. The first part of the tale (not printed here) is concerned chiefly with giving the location of the great whirlpool, and relating some incidents showing its force and power. The real story, beginning here, is supposed to be told by a Norwegian fisherman. *by my watch:* Why is this in italics? They expected to cut across the outer circles of the whirlpool. *Helseggen:* a mountain near the coast. *go by the run:* fly all at once. *by the board:* overboard. *flush deck:* a deck from end to end of the boat, without a cabin projecting. *this circumstance:* What circumstance? *I never had an opportunity:* What does this suggest as to the fate of the elder brother? *It had run down*, etc. Why in italics? *going large:* sailing before the wind. *a gigantic sea:* a huge wave. *the abyss:* the vortex or open center of the whirlpool. Is the man's calmness natural? *blushed with shame:* at his previous terror. *let him have the bolt:* the ring bolted into the deck for convenience in attaching ropes. Note whether the change from ring-bolt to cask makes a change in the story. *more along:* more lengthwise. Why does the boat not fall at once to the bottom of the abyss? *a magnificent rainbow:* caused by moonlight through the spray. Does it seem possible that a man in such danger would think things out in the way described? Does the man seem like an ignorant fisherman? How does he explain his knowledge? How does the man finally escape? After you have studied the story, read it all through at once, and see how it gains force as it goes along, just as the whirlpool grows more and more violent. See how gently it sinks to the conclusion. The author has managed this effect very skillfully. (2) A poet, who is sorrowing over the death of a woman he loved, is sitting alone at night, trying to read. *nameless here:* Is Lenore, then, her real name? *And the silken sad uncertain:* What do you think of the sound of the line? Who is it who whispers *Lenore?* Why would he? *shorn and shaven:* In the olden times, cowards and criminals were forced to have their heads shaved. *discourse so plainly:* It is said that crows and ravens can be taught to speak a few words. *She shall press:* Who is *she? Tempter:* Devil; the raven is accounted a bird of ill omen. *balm in Gilead:* See the Bible, Jeremiah 8:22; he means, "Is there no relief from suffering?" *in the distant Aidenn:* in a future world of bliss. Suppose that the raven, at

every pause of the poet's voice, repeats the only word it knows. It happens to fit in as an answer to the poet's questions, so the poet goes on questioning, torturing himself by questions that will fit the answer. And knowing that he cannot have his beloved back again, he thinks of the bird as a *prophet* of evil, and lastly, as a symbol — of what? What is the meaning of the last two lines?

Bret Harte, pp. 175–197. (1) Could this story have been part of Bret Harte's own experience? *constitutionally improvident:* so was Bret Harte. Explain *immaculate finger-posts.* Why is the young man disappointed when he sees the camp? Why do shadows steal *up* a mountain-side? *so stained:* The iron in the soil gives a deep red color. Why is the restaurant *unimportant?* Describe the miners at the "Gum Tree Claim." *their specific gravity:* Gold is very heavy in comparison with bits of earth and gravel. *Iron pyrites:* native iron of a brassy-yellow color; sometimes called "fool's gold." *Notice:* a notice to the public that a certain bit of land has been "claimed." *To wash:* to wash the dirt for gold. How does the story bring out the meaning of "Tenderfoot"? (2) Though this is a monologue — all spoken by one person — yet how many others are understood to be in the scene? Who are they? Who, and what, is the man who is speaking? *tunnel:* a gallery in a mine. *a sin to think of Tom Flynn:* What was the miner going to say when he broke off? *drift:* level, or story. *timbers:* used for shoring up, to prevent a cave-in. *din:* of falling rock, etc. What was it that Flynn had done? What has the miner been doing when he says *Well, there, — I'm done? 'yar:* here. Loyalty to a chum, and recognition of a man's worth were two beautiful traits that this life often brought out. Suppose that three of you act this poem together. (3) Why does the wind sound differently to each one? How is a poet different from the ordinary person?

James Russell Lowell, pp. 199–211. (1) Of what was Lowell thinking when he wrote this poem? *sweet Auburn:* Mount Auburn Cemetery, very near Elmwood. In the next to the last stanza what does Lowell liken to the *snow?* (2) *Yussouf* is a common name among the Mohammedans. Perhaps the poem refers to the great Prince Yussouf who lived in northern Africa in the 12th century. *the bow of power:* He is pursued by powerful enemies. *As one lamp,* etc.: These two lines would be worth learning. *self-conquest:* How has he conquered himself? What was Yussouf's *one black thought?* How was the murdered youth *avenged?* (3) *King Admetus* was, in Greek mythology, a king of Thessaly. *a youth:* Apollo, god of light, music, poetry, and healing (because God of sunlight). He was banished to earth for a

time to serve Admetus. He plays the lyre invented by his brother Mercury. Is the third stanza sarcastic? and the next? Could the king appreciate Apollo's singing? *His words:* Apollo's; how did men make his words their law? How do poets (think of Bryant, for instance) find a healing power in nature? Lowell nowhere mentions Apollo; how can we tell that Apollo is meant? Yet is only Apollo meant? *After-poets:* Does this give you the keynote to the poem? What is Lowell showing by it all? (4) A *prelude* (that which is *played before*) is an introduction. *the musing organist:* The author compares the poet to the musician; both get their ideas from Dreamland, and then work them out little by little. *our infancy:* Wordsworth says, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," meaning that we are close to the infinite life out of which we come. *Sinais:* Moses climbed to the top of Mount Sinais (north of the Red Sea) and there received the Ten Commandments; what does the word mean here? Who were the *Druids? cap and bells:* the dress of the court jester or professional fool. What is the *flush of life* that the poet speaks of? Do you think *startles* a good word here? *nice:* discriminating. Compare with p. 23. As this is a prelude, or introduction, to a story, what will you expect of the story? — in what time of the year will it be? and what kind of deed will be done? Don't you want to read the story of Sir Launfal?

Ralph Waldo Emerson, pp. 213–225. (1) How do you like Emerson's definition of manners? Do you understand what he means by *a stroke of genius or of love?* Do you think that manners are *superficial?* or are they the outward and visible sign of a person's disposition? *Consuelo:* the heroine of a French novel by George Sand (Mme. Dudevant). Emerson admired the novel very much. *Talma:* a distinguished French actor. How can the *baroness better the instruction* by means of *a palace? better the instruction* is a quotation from one of Shylock's speeches in "The Merchant of Venice," Act iii, scene 1. *nobility:* What sort of *nobility* does the author refer to? How do they make themselves known? *derives from their belief:* whose belief? Who are the *committees* of which Emerson speaks? What does he mean by *the quadruped state?* Why does he call manners *the generous behaviors?* (2) *Humble-bee:* bumble-bee. *Porto Rique:* Porto Rico, in the West Indies. *animated torrid zone* — why? *Singing,* etc., refers to what? *Epicurean:* Epicurus was a Greek philosopher, who recommended a life of ease and plenty. Why does the poet use this word here? *Petted crone:* What do you think the expression means here? *Indian:* Of the Indies or India. *Syrian peace:* the languor of Oriental and desert countries. *Daffodels:* daffodils. What is the meaning of *All was pic-*

ture as he passed? Why is not the bee concerned with the *All beside? Yellow-breeched philosopher:* A philosopher is a person who works out an idea of what life is, and of what we should and should not do. Why is the bee a philosopher? (The answer is in the next few lines.) (Does Emerson mean that we should shun everything disagreeable? Or is he playfully admitting the superiority of the bee that can so order its life that it *makes ridiculous* the things that fret and worry us? Could we not do this somewhat for ourselves? (3) Explain the first line. *pulse:* peas or beans; that is, Have you eaten temperately? *Nobility more nobly to repay:* Is not silence sometimes a better tribute than speech? Why not assume that it is natural to others to do well? What is the character that Emerson admires? (4) Take each stanza in turn; put it into your own words. *Tax:* blame. What is the *second crop?* Memorize this poem. Is it not well worth your while? (5) What poem does this remind you of? Put into your own words *trumpets of the sky; tumultuous privacy of storm; unseen quarry; his hours are numbered; as he were not; frolic architecture.* What is the contrast, in the last four lines between man's Art and Nature's work? (6) When was the fight at Concord? A bridge of concrete has replaced the *rude* wooden bridge; the Battle Monument stands at one end of it, and at the other Daniel C. French's statue of the Minute-Man. Explain *embattled; shot heard round the world; votive stone.* Does it seem to you that the third stanza is a sequel to the first, and the fourth stanza to the second?

Daniel Webster, pp. 227–242. (1) What anniversary of the battle was this? The monument was being erected by the Bunker Hill Monument Association, of which Webster was president. The trustees of the subscription fund had asked him to make the address. It was a glorious morning. In the audience were about two hundred veterans of the Revolution, forty of whom had taken part in the battle on that very ground. General Lafayette, who was visiting this country for the first time since the Revolution, was seated on the speaker's platform at the foot of the slope. The audience in front of them was seated up the hillside as in a vast amphitheater. The actual laying of the corner stone on the hilltop had preceded the gathering here. We can imagine that the whole scene and the memories it aroused, and the presence of Lafayette and the old soldiers, and the expectation of pleasure in Webster's power as an orator, keyed up every person there to excitement and attention. To excite their pride still more, Webster speaks of their common inheritance of the country and reviews rapidly the work of its discoverer and founders. *Early and ancient colony:* either the colony that grew from Jamestown on the James river, or

that from the settlement on the St. Mary's; which were they? *solemnities:* the ceremonies on the hilltop, which were conducted by the Order of Masons. *prayers:* the same clergyman who had prayed for the soldiers before the battle (Rev. Joseph Thaxter, chaplain of Prescott's regiment) had offered the prayers this day. *cloud of witnesses:* Epistle to the Hebrews, 12:1. What does Webster say is the object in raising the monument (a granite obelisk rising 221 feet above the base)? In the course of his oration, Webster pays a noble tribute to the veterans before him and to their fallen comrades; he reviews with wonderful vividness the events of the battle; he congratulates the veterans that they have lived to see this day and the country as it is; he compliments with exquisite taste the Marquis de Lafayette; and then, passing down the years and the changes they have brought, he speaks, with *honest exultation*, of the noble example which this country has set. What is it that he now urges upon the listeners before him? *propagandists:* What do you judge to be the meaning, from the sentence that follows? *Solon*, a ruler of Athens in the 4th century B.C., gave her a new code of laws. *Alfred* the Great, Saxon King of England, in the 9th century. These *founded* new systems of government, not new nations. *spirit of union and harmony:* Remember what the condition of our country was at this time, and imagine how earnestly Webster spoke this close. In the last splendid comparison, how does he use the idea of the monument? (2) From your histories find out what position Senator Hayne had taken in this argument. To what extent is the address prophetic? (Webster died in the fall of 1852.) (3) Suppose that we call this quotation A Word for Literature. Prove that it is. Had Webster in his own life proved the same?

Abraham Lincoln, pp. 243–255. Colonel Watterson is a Southerner, editor of the Louisville (Kentucky) "Courier-Journal." *now definitely arrayed:* He speaks of a time just before the war. *The Northern camp:* not a military camp, but a political convention. *Hogarth's line of beauty:* Hogarth was a celebrated English artist of the 18th century. He wrote an "Analysis of Beauty," in which he explained his idea of the "line of beauty" — a very graceful curve. *A house divided:* Mark 3:25; the whole quotation is from Lincoln's speech at the Republican Convention in Springfield, June 17, 1858. *Colonel A. K. McClure:* a delegate to the National Republican Convention of 1860, who strongly urged the nomination of Lincoln. *homeliness:* simplicity. *weird tragedy:* What is meant? Why speak of the fact that Lincoln had *no cradle?* Explain *idiomatic*. *second families:* There has been a great deal said of the pride of the "F. F. V."

— the "first families of Virginia." *The little advance:* Did Lincoln think himself an educated man? Should he be called so? *Black Hawk War; Missouri Compromise:* What were they? *Mr. Seward:* William Seward, Secretary of State under Lincoln's administration. *Adonis:* In Greek mythology, a very handsome man. *Judge Douglas:* Stephen A. Douglas; he had been a judge of the Supreme Court in Illinois. *The gentlemen he had invited:* the Cabinet. *Joshua Speed:* a Kentucky judge. *Mozart:* a great musician. *Burns:* a great Scotch poet. *directly from the people:* Just what does this mean? *crystal globe:* Crystal balls are sometimes used by fortune-tellers, who gaze steadily into the glass for a long time, to see pictures of the past and the future. *the eminence:* the Presidency. *last scene of all:* from Shakespeare's "As You Like It," Act ii, scene 7. *the last full measure of devotion:* from Lincoln's Gettysburg speech. (1) This letter of Lincoln's is to a son of his step-mother. *in discharge of any debt:* that is, giving labor in place of money to pay a debt; so also *in your indebtedness*, following. *Coles County*, in Illinois. *unkind:* Is the letter unkind? Is it simple, direct, clear, etc.? (2) To what does Lincoln refer in the opening sentence of his speech? *But in a larger sense*, etc.: What word must Lincoln have emphasized throughout this? *It is for us the living*, etc.: Imagine the effect of this: the audience had come to hear a speech dedicating the *field;* they heard instead a speech imploring them to dedicate — what? *unfinished work:* the *test* mentioned in the second sentence, is it not? *new birth of freedom:* To what sentence that he had already spoken, does this refer? *increased devotion:* Notice that this is to be shown by the keeping of three things *highly resolved;* what are the three things? How does the last of these repeat the *dedication* of 1776 referred to in the opening sentence? Notice how the speech is thus rounded out fully — its opening sentence fulfilled in its last. Edward Everett, the chief orator of the day who had spoken for two hours, had been loudly applauded. This speech of not five minutes' length was received in total silence. Lincoln thought it had been a failure, even though Everett stepped up and said, "Mr. President, I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes." (Read Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews's story, "The Perfect Tribute.") Why is this speech held to be the greatest piece of oratory ever uttered? What is the difference between Lincoln's manner and Webster's?

George Eliot, pp. 257–273. Maggie Tulliver is nine years old; her brother Tom, just home from school, is thirteen. Mrs. Tulliver's sisters, Mrs. Pullet, Mrs. Glegg, and Mrs. Deane, with their husbands,

and Lucy Deane are at the Tulliver house for dinner. *Bitter sense of the irrevocable:* A feeling that what's done is done, and cannot be changed. *Tom never did:* From what follows, what do you understand to be the difference between Tom and Maggie? Which character do you like better? Which of the two children cares more for the other? *Ajax:* In the Trojan War, Ajax, in a fit of madness, attacked the sheep of the army, slaughtered numbers, and dragged them into his tent, fancying they were his enemies. What do you think of Aunt Glegg? Of each of the other aunts and uncles? The little that is said by each one here is enough to characterize the person; this proves the writer's skill. All speak in the fashion of the middle class in the country, in George Eliot's time; when was that?

William Shakespeare, pp. 274–289. (1) King John's elder brother, Geoffrey, of Anjou (a province of France), had died, leaving an heir, Arthur. Rightfully, the crown should have descended to the eldest son of the eldest son. The French party in England wanted Arthur proclaimed king, therefore King John was anxious to get him out of the way, yet was afraid to kill him. He has just had the little prince brought to England, in charge of Hubert, and keeps him a prisoner, unknown to the English. There is no record in history for this scene from the play, but it is not unlikely. *arras:* tapestry (named after Arras in Flanders, where first made), hung against the wall. *having so great a title,* etc.: What does Arthur mean? *wantonness:* whim; he refers to the romantic affectations of young French courtiers. Explain *rheum, dispiteous.* Notice old forms of English: *handkercher, li'en, an* (and). In this speech how does Arthur show the point of view of a prince? *his fiery indignation:* "its" was only just coming into use in Shakespeare's time. *boisterous-rough:* boisterously (violently) rough. *boisterous there:* painfully rough there. *tarre:* urge, excite. (2) What is the woodland life better than, according to Lord Amiens? (3) If you have not read "The Merchant of Venice," read the story in the "Tales from Shakespeare." What is the *bond* that Antonio had signed? Whose wife is Portia? Why is she so interested in the trial? To whom does she say, *You stand within his danger,* etc.? What would *danger* mean here? *en-thron-ed,* three syllables. Memorize Portia's persuasion, through *deeds of mercy.* Do you know how the trial ends? (4) Prospero has just called up by his magic some nymphs to dance and entertain Ferdinand and Miranda. *all which it inherit:* all who inherit it (the globe, or world). *rack:* thin flying cloud, a last remnant being cleared away by the wind. *made on:* made of. (See biography, p. 279.) Memorize these lines.

A LITTLE DICTIONARY

You are now practiced in using a dictionary, and can find your way in the big dictionary in the classroom or in your own smaller ones. So here are given only the words in this book that you may find most difficult to pronounce or to select a meaning for, and certain words that may not be in the small, or abridged, dictionary, and that have not been explained in the Study Helps.

ab ster′ gent (ăb stûr′ jĕnt), cleansing.
A′ mi-ens (ä′ mē ĕnz).
A mon til la′ do (ă mŏn tĭl lä′ dō), a choice kind of wine.
An jou′ (ÄN zhōō′).

bar′ ri ers, fence enclosing the lists.
Beau′ re gard (bō′ rē gärd).
Bede (bēd), **Adam.**
ben e dic′ i te (bĕn ē dĭs′ ĭ tē), blessing.
Bois-Guil bert′, **Bri an′ de** (brē ÄN′ dē bwä gēl bâr′).

cache (kăsh), temporary hiding-place, usually a hole in the ground, for provisions or tools.
Car ra′ ra (kär rä′ rä) a province of Italy famous for statuary marble.
casque (kăsk), helmet.
Ced′ ric (kĕd′ rĭk), the Saxon, Rowena's guardian.
cham′ fron (chăm′ frŏn), metal headpiece of a horse's armor.
Cœur de Li on′ (kûr dē lē ôN′), the Lion-hearted.
con nois seur′ (kŏn ĭ sûr′), one who knows an art well enough to be a critic of it.
cor tège′ (kôr tĕzh′), procession.
coun′ ter, the curve of the stern of a boat just above the water line.
Co′ ven try (kŭv′ en trĭ), a town in Warwickshire.
croupe (crōōp), the place behind the saddle.

dé bris′ (dā brē′), rubbish resulting from destruction.
De foe′ (dē fō′), **Daniel**, author of "Robinson Crusoe" ; 17th and 18th centuries.
dé tours′ (dā tōōr′), round-about route.
Die′ drich (dē′ drĭk).
di no sau′ ri an (dī nō sôr′ ĭ ăn), of the time of the dinosauria, or reptiles of the Mesozoic age.
Du mas′ (dü mä′), **Alexandre**, French novelist and dramatist of the 19th century.

em bry ol′ o gy, the study of the growth of an animal from the egg stage.
e mul′ sion, a milk-like preparation of a substance.
es cutch′ eon (ĕs kuch′ ŭn), a design, often shield-shaped, containing the armorial bearings by which a noble family was identified.

Front de Bœuf (frôN dē bĕf).

gal′ liard (găl′ yärd), a lively dance in triple time.
gal li gas′ kins, loose breeches.
Gil′ e ad, a mountain of Syria.
gor′ get (gôr′ jĕt), piece of armor to protect the throat.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION. āte, senāte. câre, ădd, finăl, ärm, åsk, sofå ; ēve, ĕvent, ĕnd, fẽrn, recẽnt ; īce, ĭll ; ōld, ŏbey, ôrb, ŏdd, cŏnnect; ūse, ŭnite, ŭp, circŭs, bûrn, menŭ; fo͝od, fo͝ot ; **out** ; **oil** ; **chair** ; **go**; **sing, iŋk** ; **then, thin** ; **nature, verdure** ; **zh** = z in azure.

gos soon′ (gŏ sōōn′), lad.
Graeme (grām), a noble Scotch family.
gran si e′ ri (*Italian;* grăn sē ā′ rē).

Hi ber′ ni an, Irish (from Latin name for Ireland, *Hibernia*).
Hol′ lands, a kind of gin.

jun′ to (jŭn′ tō), a clique, or band of people joined for intrigue, etc.

keep′ ing, consistency.
Kei′ zers graacht (kī′ zĕrz gräkt), Imperial Canal.

Len′ ni Len′ a pe (lĕn′ ĭ lĕn′ *á* pā), Delaware, or Mohican.
le′ thal, deadly (from Lē′ thē, the river of Hades, a drink of whose waters caused forgetfulness).
Lew′ es, George Henry.
Lo fo′ den, islands n. w. of Norway.

mael′ strom (māl′ strŏm), whirlpool.
mau′ ger (mô′ gĕr), in spite of, notwithstanding.
Mo hi′ can (mō hē′k *án*), Delaware.
Mos′ koe (*Norwegian;* mŏs′ kû).

ne′ o phyte (nē′ ō fīt), a beginner, a new convert.
ne pen′ the (nē pĕn′ thē), anything to cause forgetfulness of grief or suffering.

Pa′ ri an (pā′ rĭ *ăn*), of marble from Paros, an island of the Ægean.
por tier′ (*French;* pôr tyā′), hotel-keeper.
Por′ to Rique (pôr tō rēk′), Porto Rico.
po ve ri′ no (*Italian;* pō vĕr ē′nō). See note, p. 10.
prith′ ee, I pray thee.
prop a gan′ dist, one who devotes himself to spreading a certain doctrine or opinion.
py ri′ tes (pĭ rī′ tēz), **iron**, a common brass-yellow, lustrous mineral.

rest, a projection on the side of the breastplate to support the butt of the lance.
Rò get′ (rō zhā′), **Marie.**
roist′ ers, roisterers, noisy fellows.
Row e′ na (rō ē′ *ná*), Cedric's ward.

san gar ee′ (săn *gá* rē′), a beverage, spiced and sweetened, used in the tropics.
scaur (skär), a scar; a rocky or bare hillside; a jutting rock.
seg′ ment, to separate into parts, or cleavages — the action in an egg when the animal is forming.
sheik (shēk), a Mohammedan chief judge, or governor of a nomad district.
slack, the time when the surface of the water is calm (used of tidal waters).
spring′ al, an active youth.
ster′ e o type (stĕr′ ē ō tīp), to fix a thing in lasting form.
strom, stream (Moskoe-strom).

Tar′ tar, a person of keen, irritable temper.

Un′ cas (ŭn′ *cás*), Mohican hero.

Vi pont′, de (dŏ vē pôN′), **Ralph.**
Vurrgh (*Norwegian;* vôôrg).

warp, to force aside, or (of water) into waves or ripples.
War′ wick shire (wŏr′ ĭk shēr), a county of western England.
weighed (anchor), lifted.
wharf-rats, men and boys who loaf around wharves, sometimes thieving.

Yen′ gees (yĕn′ gēs), English.
Yus′ souf (yōō′ sôf), an Arabian sheik.

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